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1. Poetry, American.

W79

Presented by the Author
Mrs Jared Sparks.
to
A. Z. Bowen
Harv '85.

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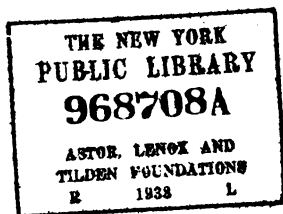
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"Farewell."

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¹ This magnificent yacht was built and furnished in America by George Crowninshield. During his brilliant reception at various ports in the Mediterranean, the Pope, at his own suggestion, visited her at Civita Vecchia; and Madame Mère presented to him, from her own apartment, a perfect likeness of Napoleon, *fait à la plume*. The Princess Pauline gave to G. C. a lava box, with cameo on the cover, containing the hair of Napoleon, "cut by her own hand." This box is now in the possession of Mr. W. E. Sparks, at Taunton, Massachusetts.

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H Y M N S.

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“IT IS FINISHED.”

GOOD FRIDAY.

No more labors, nothing lost ;
Jesus giveth up the ghost.
Angels came and gave the strength ;
“ Finished,” Lord, at length, at length ;
 Bleeding foot that never hath
 Left the strait and narrow path,
 Never crushed the helpless worm,
 Passed from out the pelting storm.

Chilling night, and shelter none ;
Noon, and still a fiercer sun ;
Homeless eve, and perjured day ;
Who walked with Him on His way ?
 On with every toiling breath,
 Step by step, a shameful death ;
 Bosom friends who should deny ;
 Traitors sell or timid fly.

Deserts, famished, He should tread ;
Thorns should pierce His sinless head, —
He who sin from us removed ;
He who, looking on us, loved.

At the threshold of our home,
By Thy pity, to us come ;
By Thine own victorious strength,
For us finish, Lord, at length.

HYMN.

(WRITTEN BY REQUEST.)

THOU who hast no beginning, knowest no end,
Upon our darkness ~~smile~~ Thy smile of light ! *give*
Draw nigh, Thy blessing on our souls to send
With whom, dear Lord, it is "not day nor night."

Light, Father, we would pour on darkened minds ;
With soothing hopes would lead the lost to heaven ;
Blind, let us not be leaders of the blind, —
Give hope of pardon, yet go unforgiven !

Let not our sounding harps lie all unstrung,
Our barren orchard-labor go unblest.
Oh make our heart rejoice, and glad our tongue,
And let us, in the work of God, find rest !

JANUARY, 1851.

"THE FATHER NIGH."

THE father nigh, with wayward feet
The infant totters him to meet ;

Brings to him her slippery balls.
Half-way onward, baby falls.

Out she calleth o'er and o'er,
Breaks her toys, and beats the floor ;

Pants and struggles without rest,
Sleeps upon the father's breast.

Sought Him I with jewels fair,
But my jewels broken were ;

Wounded with my glittering toys,
Still I hear the Father's voice.

In my ear it soundeth sweet :
May I, tottering, reach His feet?



"HUSH! THE PAST."

HUSH ! the past is silent all !
Babbling future, at my will,
From thy turmoil pause awhile ;
Restless hopes and fears be still !

Maimed, and sick with flutterings,
Weary on the dusty road,
Lo ! my soul would close her wings
In the bosom of her God.

Tired with watchings, she hath been,
O'er the craft of pride and care ;
Hurried, racked with tumult vain,
She would calm her throbbings there.

Sinks the sun, her path is lost ;
She is thirsty with delay ;
Chill not Thou with night and frost
One so weak in summer day !

Weak to bear another's load
Of vanity, for she is vain, —
Pride or strife, for she is proud ;
Tears she brings when tears are gain.

Lift the burthen from her wings !
Give her peace to bear with strife !
Heal her grief in Siloam's springs ;
Quench her thirst, O Fount of Life !

OCTOBER 27, 1844.

"LO! THINE ANGELS."

Lo ! Thine angels throng around,
Lo ! archangels bow before Thee !
All hush their harps of silvery sound,
And saints and cherubim adore Thee !

See where the honored Gabriel stands,
Crowned with the richness of Thy grace ;
And there awaiteth Thy commands,
Bright with the brightness of Thy face !

For lo ! his wings are dazzling bright,
But all reflected, Lord, from Thee ;
Thou hast unveiled that look of light
Before which seraphs bow the knee.

His foot is on Thy stool of clouds,
His head is lost in heaven's expanse ;
Beneath him, lo ! the starry crowds
Wheel in eternal maze of dance !

And he hath bowed his glorious head,
Veiled with the plumage of his wing ;
All, silent, wait Thy word with dread,
And heaven's assembly cease to sing !

A moan of human woe, a cry?
The hall of light, can sorrow fill?
Hushed music's touch of harmony,
And heavenly tones with awe are still.

Yes! He the sufferer sits above;
The Son has claimed the Father's ear!
Nor pleads in vain that voice of love,
The Lord of heaven bends to hear.

Oh! praise the Majesty on high,
And bless the Mediator's word;
While o'er the sinner's tear and sigh
Angels rejoice, for God has heard!

1828.

"GIVE ME TO KNOW."

GIVE me to know myself with studious art,
Whom serpent foes of virtue most molest, —
Like Moses, lay my hand upon my heart,
And thrust it, Lord, into my treacherous breast, —
Though leprous as the snow, it thence may part, —
That I may know its secret of unrest.

SUNDAY, June 3, 1832.

"WHEN WEAK AND WORN."

WHEN weak and worn the tie
 'Twixt earth and heaven,
When the link of sympathy
 Is wellnigh riven ;

When polluted thought would cloy
 On another's wasted powers ;
When the sun of another's joy
 Shall wither ours ;

When the laurelled wreath we would tear
 From another's honored brow,
Though the toil-worn leaves we would wear
 Shield us even now, —

Come to the shrine of prayer,
 Frail mortal throng ;
Scatter your burthens there,
 And bear away a song !

Where is wounded the human heart,
 Ye who have lightly heard,
From whose lips doth lightly part
 The slanderous word ;

Ye who have "been angry and sinned," —
Come to the shrine of heaven !
Ye have mocked at motes and are blind :
Bend, weep, and be forgiven.

Ye who have joined your hand
For joy and sorrow won,
In earth's most sacred band,
With hearts made one ;

For whom the same hope and joy,
Until ye die,
Must the storm-rocked shallop buoy
Of immortality ;

If the harp of many chords
Hath been struck by a reckless hand,
And to fond love's gentle words
It will not respond, —

Come to the shrine of love ;
Its God shall tune the strain :
Cling to His feet, nor rove
Apart again !

1832-1833.

"OVER THY CHOSEN."

OVER Thy chosen and Thy cherished One
Hovered in vain long-suffering love divine :
Rebellious Israel did pollute Thy shrine,
And lit for nought Thine altar's kindling flame,
And there an offering brought the sick, torn, blind, and
lame.

Ages have past. Our offering still the same,
Still, Lord, we bring Thee through Thy holy Son,
And gather round His table in Thy name ;
Still the same mortal gifts ; the blind, the shorn
Of mental light, — with such He trod His thorny way, —
The lame and the infirm of purpose, and our torn,
Our torn and broken hearts, — such did he guide and
heal :
With these, and with our sick, sick souls, we kneel,
Father ! for He hath said Thou wilt not cast away !

"O PALESTINE!"

O PALESTINE ! how yearns my weary heart
To nestle in thy bosom ; yet one more
To that sad weight, fair living monument !
Another blighted garland of those flowers
Which He, who viewed in woe thy loveliness,
Sought for His crown, — of thorns. Dark gifts !
Yet freely deck they thy fair proportions.
Such are thy trophies, thou blest tomb of sorrow,
And oh, of how much love ! blest, blest indeed,
Which gave repose, but had no part with death !
Tiberias, O Tiberias ! to me
It were such luxury to bathe this brow,
This unloved brow, once — once in thy sweet waters ;
To watch, half hid in memory's fantasy,
Their gentle swellings, and to deem their bound
Just checked in loving awe before the step
Which trod in power their waves, that even now
Each fleeting eddy curls to kiss his foot !
Oh ! but to lean this aching head in peace
Once, once upon those heaving mountain breasts
Whence rushed th' obedient storm ! to feel,
While resting where that foot hath passed to prayer,
Each stormy grief, each rebel tear, depart ;
For they would echo back that voice of love, —
Reaching through vista'd ages unto me, —
" My peace, — my peace I leave with you : be still ! "

LAZARUS.

THOMAS prayed with Him to dwell,
With Him to die, when Lazarus died ;
O doubting ! if he sleep 't is well,
There 's stronger hope by Jesus' side !

Death shall die, and Lazarus rise ;
Walk thou on, with Jesus nigh,
Who dies that we like Him may live,
Lives, that we may learn to die.

THE RECORDING ANGELS.

Two angels dear on every soul attend,
And watch, with patient waiting, on each hand ;
One with soft eye of hope, and one of fear,
And both with love intense, a golden record bear.
And when that precious soul with love doth glow,
Those loving eyes with holy lustre shine.
Then doth the right-hand angel whisper low,
“ 'T is ours forever ! ” and with seal divine
Confirm the good, for good can ne'er decay,
But, all immortal, wings to heaven its way.
But when suspicion dark, or fearful wrath,
Troubles the lustre of those sinless eyes,
The left-hand angel of man's darkened path
In weeping silence writes, and sad surprise ;
But holds the golden scroll unsealed still,
And on his hopeful brother leans awhile, —
For if that soul repent the heavens shall smile ;
Then shall that record fade in light divine,
And only sorrow weep to leave so fair a shrine.

1840.

WRITTEN FOR A VERY YOUNG SINGER.

SINLESS head with piercing thorns,
Sorrows mocked and heaped with scorns,
By Thy one sad piteous moan,
Thine our bitter draught, alone."

Failing, faithless, we have trod
Not like Thee our way to God ;
Sinners we, but going home, —
Only Thou canst bid us come.

must 'his angels'

"OH, RACHEL MOURNS."

OH, Rachel mourns for loved ones vanished,
Whose doom is written, "Dust to dust ;"
The home is sad whence they are banished,
Half our hope and all our trust.

Though not more dear, the loved and lost,
Than living objects of our care,
Round these are twined our earthly hopes,
But those the holy theme of prayer.

And where the patient prayer ascends
We know that harps unseen resound,
And half partake the "joy in heaven,"
Rejoicing that the lost are found !

The little wanderer of our flock
Our Father in his arms doth hold ;
Our lambs are safe by Israel's rock,
Where gathers Israel's scattered fold.

"SUN AND MOON."

SUN and Moon o'er Ajalon
Faltered once, both moon and sun :
Ages since have onward rolled,
Time and Death their tale have told.

Yet while lives the Soul of man
Ye shall tremble yet again ;
God and Man shall be at one
At your fading, Moon and Sun !

H Y M N.

THOU art leading me on my way, Father !

Thou art leading me on my way,
Through many a thorn to pleasant paths,
Through night to endless day !

Thou wilt pause to strengthen and soothe, Father !

Thou wilt pause to soothe and to warn,
When, amid night and thorns, my feet
Are weary, weak, and torn.

Thou art still by my sleeping side, Father !

When, rocked in Thy arms, I forget
My sorrow ; and oh ! Thy kindness,
Long-suffering yet, even yet !

When I dream of forbidden fruit, Father !

When I wake and my face would hide, —
Oh ! ever watching to pity,
Thou art still by my side.

INFINITE NOTHINGNESS—INFINITE
HELPLESSNESS.

AH, let me know Thy love, Thou Lord of All !
Can it be possible Thou lovest me ?
Weak, erring greatly, hardly true at all,
From Thee my distance is infinity !

I know, — I know the value of each day,
I feel the whirling of each passing hour ;
Yet on they go, and I make strange delay,
With longing wish to serve, but not the power.

Time, — time is rolling ; sunsets come and go,
And courtier clouds turn smiling to the morn ;
With folded hands I watch the transient glow,
Know my dread change, die daily, others warn, —

Myself supine. Oh, nothing without Thee,
I feel Thy presence, slight Thine awful brow ;
Rush onward thus, and on, eternally,
Yet is my *All* this short and fearful *Now* !

HYMN.

(WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HARVARD DIVINITY
STUDENTS.)

Thy banner, Lord, is spread !
Up ! to our pilgrimage on Jordan's shore.
We lift the cross, we bow the youthful head ;
Oh, bless and pardon ; we return no more !

On ! where the thunders leapt
When wild on Galilee the storm was hurled ;
Where waves, rebuked and timid, gently swept,
Repentant, to His feet who saved a world.

We go Thy lambs to feed :
Oh, when temptation on our souls hath power,
Wilt Thou not watch beside us at our need, —
Us, Lord, who slept, nor watched with Thee one hour ?

We go, but we are weak :
Oh, should these lips, which bless Thee, e'er deny,
Turn Thou and look upon us while we speak,
That we our sin and shame weep bitterly.

On barren Calvary,
O Thou, who erst the woful summit won,
When we in breaking hearts Thy Mother see,
Give us the legacy, " Behold thy son ! "

HYMN ON BOARD THE EUROPA.

WHILE loud our awful mirth arose,
 Devout unto Jehovah's ear,
 Lo ! white alone with summer's snows,
 The surging ocean paused to hear.

Father ! not now in cheerless grief
 To Thee we bend the rebel head ;
 A table in the wilderness
 For us Thy ~~constant~~ *wonderous* love has spread.

As flies from day the panting bird
 To find at night her shadowed nest,
 We seek our waiting, happy homes :
 There shelter Thou our Christian rest !

From out Thine own eternity
 Speak Thou in watches of the night ;
 The solemn lesson of the sea,
 Teach 'mid the silence of her might !

Chance-lit upon mid-ocean's spray,
 We soon shall scatter far or near ;
 Heaven-led upon our throngèd way,
 Some gift for others let us bear !

BACKSLIDINGS.

THY blessed, blessed Word
Resoundeth, Lord, Thine own !
The Church, the Bride, hath heard,
She kneels before Thy throne.

We love its teachings dear,
We listen and we pray ;
With hope, with holy fear,
We promise to obey.

Lo, thus renewed in faith,
Professors of Thy name,
Oh ! even unto death
Shall we that will proclaim ?

We, who confess the Lord,
In flowery paths we sleep ;
In rough, deny His Word,
Know, love, but cannot keep.

We cannot keep ! With tears
We come, once more to learn ;
Yet oh ! with stronger fears,
With deeper love, return !

NOVEMBER 30, 1851.

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE ORDINATION AT THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH,
AT BALTIMORE, OF MR. CHARLES RICHMOND WELD, B.D.,
JANUARY 2, 1873.

COME to Thine ~~House~~ ! Belovèd walls
Here hallowed memories shield, —
For hallowed hands within these halls
Thy face to us unveiled.

Here age, with promised future near,
Brings her embroidered past ;
Youth, a blank page for hope and fear,
Oh, not too fair to last.

The absent watch the braided hair,
Unstirred in brooch or ring, —
Sit silent by the vacant chair,
And hear the lone air sing.

Lord, give thy servant certain stay,
The cross, his lot, to bear ;
Strong with Thy staff, and Jesus by,
Grant him Thy love to share.

For Thou art tender, and wilt wait,
And soothe and light our way ;
And bless alike the golden state
And stealing shades of day.

**"LIKE AS A FATHER PITIETH HIS
CHILDREN."**

WINDS blew and stormy rain it pelted ;
Loud I shrieked on lonely wild.
From the roof my head that sheltered,
I had roamed, a thankless child ;

Crept along the sparkling river,
By the lilies fair beguiled ;
Little hands could reach them never, —
Night and hunger fright the child.

Then the Father came to meet me,
Saw my tottering steps, and smiled ;
Stooped with gentle kiss to greet me, —
" Whither wanderest, little child ? "

I am glad, the threshold treading,
Clinging to the Parent mild ;
He, the bounteous table spreading,
Loveth still His thoughtless child.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.**TRAVELLER.**

Oh ! glide with me through gentle vales,
Where human love doth fervent glow,
And human prayer shall swell thy sails,
As thou dost onward go !

PILGRIM.

Nay ! come with me ; my path is cold,
And hard beset with storms and snow ;
By love unlured the way I hold,
For I will upward go !

TRAVELLER.

Oh, come with me ! The human heart,
And loving hand, and whisper low, —
God made them for a noble part ;
Come ! thou shalt onward go !

PILGRIM.

Nay ! here the road, and hard the strife ;
I may not turn a glance below ;
One hope, one thought, — eternal life !
For I will upward go !

TRAVELLER.

Thy course pursue, O noble soul !
What though unlike the path I know, —
Thy guide, heaven's host and starry pole ;
God speed thee ! upward go !

NOVEMBER 17, 1844.

"THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS."

THE heaven of heavens, our God,
 It cannot Thee confine ;
 Yet build we altars here below,
 Saviour ! for we are Thine.
 O God, I sigh for Thee !
 My being Thou didst frame ;
 Thine angels watch around my way,
 And kindred with me claim, —
 And kindred with me claim.

How passing rich the cost
 Which bought us for Thy Throne, —
 The temples of the Holy Ghost, —
 For we are not our own.
 No ! I was born of God,
 I bear a holy name ;
 I tread the thorns His Son hath trod,
 And cherubim and seraphim
 A kindred with me claim.

IMITATIO CHRISTI.

Love of Thee 's a good unbought,
From all evil takes the sting ;
Beareth all things, feeleth nought ;
Weight is light upon its wing.

Love of Thee 's a noble loving,
Conquereth earthly wile and snare ;
Still aspiring, heavenward moving,
Panteth for the freedom there.

None in heaven loftier burning,
Sweetness still, though long deceived ;
Aye excelling, upward turning,
All attempting, much achieved.

MY FATHER.

LORD, in what name
Shall I present my prayer ;
What can I claim
In His that trembles there ?

He can add nought
To Thy full store ;
Love, faith unbought,
Were Thine before.

Honor 's His path,
But that is Thine ;
Virtues He hath,
But all divine.

Yet shall my prayer
Rise to Thy throne,
For Thou " wilt care "
For them, " Thine own."

NOVEMBER 26, 1830.

"O MY SWEET MOTHER."

O my sweet mother, while I tread alone
This weary trial-world whence thou art gone, —
Thou, above hope or faith, or pain or harms,
All gently girded by the clasping arms

Of that sweet group, from whose upholding love
Earth severed thee, when they did flit above, —
Dost bend with yearning love o'er those below,
Thy child, and oh, thy husband, now, even now, —

While we, with pallid lips and care-knit brow,
Mix with thy joy all heaven can hold of woe, —
Mother, dear mother ! I can talk to thee,
Nor murmur that thou canst not answer me ;

Yet pity when I mourn, and, from on high,
Look on me with that kindly love which cannot die.

The dewy morn with heavier tears is showered ;
All 's chill. The heavens to me have changèd hue ;
The skies put on a livery of green,
And Earth — the sun-clad Earth — is chill and blue.

She, dearest, with a cold step-mother's spleen,
Locks her rich bosom's wealth, all dark embowered,
In unmaternal arms. Her hills,
Her fields, if nought of sweet vitality

They yield, why from the silent prayers that wait,
Gasping with hope, the dying dolphin's glow,
And draping, round thy sad, sweet, solemn state,
Hung from the throne of God, thy couch below.

Dearest, why, from the aching love which fills
This trembling heart, cannot I nourish thee?

SEPTEMBER, 1835.

"I CALL ON THEE."

I CALL on Thee, from the deep, shadowed grove,
Where chill, but sheltered, Thou hast built my seat ;
Thy Son's last care was still a mother's love,
And I have laid my treasure at Thy feet.

Thy name is Love, and like Thy name her life.
Shield Thou, who best canst shield, our gentle one
From malice, hatred, all unkindness, strife,
Death and the grave, which have no victory won, —

All evil which attends the love she left ;
From too much pity unto us bereft ;
Struggling with woe, yet let us think she loves, —
Feel that she sees, and smile that she approves.

Thought, winged to her, more freely reaches Thee,
Our strength, our Father, hope, — our home eternally !

OCTOBER 4, 1835.

"MOTHER, AS UPWARD."

MOTHER, as upward, o'er the slippery steep,
With many a backward step and giddy head,
Towards thee, thy child, though weak, is still impelled.
Thou feel'st how hard the parallel to keep, —
How hard with equal steps the way to tread,
Where thou, by love all visible upheld,
Onward, unceasingly, art gently led,

Forgive, as God doth pity, where I fail,
When I would walk with thee, and fill thy place
So sacred and so hallowed, that this frail,
Lone heart trembles on the familiar seat, —
All, — all unfit. Oh, for the dear deceit
Of half-restoring dreams ! Oh, could thy feet
Walk with me here, in heaven that I might see thy face !

OCTOBER 11, 1835.

"HOW CAN IT BE."

How can it be, alas ! how can it be, —
When I so yearn for thy sweet company, —
How can it be, alas ! how can it be,
That I so short a space have dwelt with thee ?
How can it be, when thou art ever near,
That heaven, whose gifts of love are full and free,
Is dark, and my dull heart again is sere,
And my dull eye doth aye refuse to see ?
I felt that my own guardian hovered near,
Albeit no sense took note of peopled air.
It seemed, dear spirit, that it wondering said, —
" How can it be, alas ! how can it be ? "
And my own spirit, sighing, answerèd, —
" How can it be, alas ! how can it be ? "

NOVEMBER, 1835.

"LOVE'S LAST MURMUR."

Love's last murmur, softly spoken,
Is not chill with weak despair ;
Love's last sigh, her parting token,
Is but an immortal prayer !

"LO! MY HEART."

Lo ! my heart to Thee-ward turning,
At Thy feet its vain delight
Lays, more sweet than incense burning,
Far more precious in Thy sight.

Oh ! 'tis there, in sin and sorrow,
Hope of pardon shall be born ;
There shall dawn a blessed morrow
On the eye that weeps forlorn !

Weeping and Thy feet anointing,
Thou wilt smile upon my pain ;
Joy for woe Thy love appointing,
Thou that wast for sinners slain.

Thine a love needs no relenting,
Thou canst all my sin remove :
Give unto my soul repenting,
Give the holy kiss of love !

HYMN.

SUNG AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE VAN POLANEN CHAPEL,
AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT.

THOU whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, —
Yet comest Thou a little child to meet, —
To Thee we consecrate this hallowed fane,
And bring our offerings to Thy mercy-seat !

Lo, at Thy call we come ! but not to claim
The meed " Well done ! " from Thine all-seeing eye ;
We would but listen where Thou needs must blame, —
We come, our work undone, for more employ !

In love look down ! Unworthy, but all Thine, —
Sinners, for sinners here we kneel in prayer, —
Oh, best we guide a brother to Thy shrine
When sad we come to lay our burthens there !

Gather, O Father, in Thy loving hand,
Us, whom the Saviour wept and bled to save ;
Sinners, not righteous, hear us where we stand,
By the rich promise which Thy mercy gave !

1849.

"WHY CAN I NOT."

WHY can I not remember me
Of Thee at morn and even,
And, leaving all my sins with Thee,
Repose awhile in heaven, —

Rest with the Spirit and the Lamb,
Forget the weary past, —
My morning thought be what I am,
My coming night, the last?

I am, for I belong to Thee,
Loved, because sought by Him ;
Yet, veiled in earthly memory,
His heavenly light is dim.

I may be, Lord — oh what or where,
Is better in Thy hand ;
I know that only by Thy care
I shall withstand, or stand.

"HELP, OH HELP ME."

HELP, oh help me, when I stray,
Unstable as the wind ;
Weak hopes and vainer fears betray, —
Give me a firmer mind !

Give me a constant, loving heart,
A will that 's true to Thine,
An honesty that knows no art,
A peace that 's all divine.

"RESIST TO BLOOD."

RESIST to blood, and I will pay thee,
Saith the Lord, whose blood thee bought ;
"I would bear, from any other
Freely, all I think I ought."

He is not the truly patient,
Bargaining for so much ill ;
That from only such a neighbor,
He hath yielded not his will !

Son, be thou prepared for battle,
Wouldst thou victory obtain ;
Make thou ready, — do and suffer !
God's own grace thy meed and gain.

IMITATIO CHRISTI.

"LET US PRAISE."

LET us praise while praise we may,
 Pour the honey and be wise ;
If life be one short summer day
 We 'll not forget how soon it flies.

Leave cold blame to other's voices ;
 Change this dull to generous mood ;
Cheering praise worn hearts rejoices ;
 Let us praise the fair and good.

"WHILE OTHERS, FATHER."

WHILE others, Father, see Thy face :
We, who have loved unworthily, —
Is there for us no room in space,
No hope in long infinity?

We only lift the sordid hand
And stained soul, our weary freight ;
We ask no palm, no crown demand,
But oh, to wait, within the gate, —

Afar to watch the bliss and peace
Of age new-born, and new-born young,
Who on that shore found quick release,
And fearless learned of love the tongue.

Afar to watch, to hope for aye, —
Too much for us, unclean, unclean !
Oh, wouldst thou meet Thy child half-way,
The dead shall be alive again !

MY NARROW TOWER.

My cell of liberty left out
Thy staff and rod ;
My prison shuts the world without,
And shuts in God, —

Imprisons great Infinity,
Disarmeth harm ;
A noble peace of modesty
Its quiet charm.

No cross is borne within the soul
Where Christ doth sit ;
The body feels no dark control
Within if lit.

“WHILE THE PAST.”

Chosen by Dr. Gannett for a sacramental hymn.

WHILE the past expandeth wide
Gentle shadowy arms to me,
With Thine emblems at our side
Ages sever us from Thee.

While in silence here we sit,
Casting, at thy bidding free,
Sin and suffering at Thy feet,
Vices sever us from Thee.

Lo ! we drink the pledge divine,
Doubting, Lord, and wearily ;
Vain the consecrated wine,
Dimly severed thus from Thee.

While we touch the sacred bread, —
~~flaming~~ ~~Waving~~, sinking, vanished, see !
In our hearts the flame is dead, —
Darkness severs us from Thee.

Cast Thy banner round about !
From its love shall error flee :
Sorrow, frailty, time, nor doubt, —
Nought shall sever us from Thee.

"LIFT UP, LIFT UP MY HEART."

LIFT up, lift up my heart to Thee !
She hears Thy voice, "Come, take and eat."
Oh break her chains, that, fond and free,
She spring to nestle at Thy feet :

Fond, as the prayer of faith that wheels
On wings untiring up to Thee ;
Free, as the song of Zion peals
From sea and shrine its melody !

COLLEGE CHAPEL, March 3, 1850.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF MAN.

YOUR banners devastating lift,
Your desecrated altars raise,
The martyrs in their fiercest fire,
The Bible in their blaze !
 Blot every record of the past,
 Each solemn, dear entreaty hush,
 And chill in Bosphorus' sunny mart
 The maiden's softened blush.

Broad raise the Teocalli's side,
Give wrath her own, and murder scope,
Sweep far adown the Ganges' tide
The mother's tender hope ;
 Light, — light again the Roman torch
 On Jordan's wave and Usdum's shore ;
 Hear Mariamne's wild acclaim,
 Bring Herod back once more !

No ! break in light the tortured dream
Of nations back to chaos hurled ;
Deduct what *is* from man *alone*,
And what is left ? A world !

The touch inspired of holy art,
The law made pure, and science free, —
A Babel-tower in every land,
The heavens to scale — and see !

What made the prophet pen to write,
The brush in tints so fair to glow ;
The walls to teach without a tongue ;
God's errand free to go ?
The truth of Christ, elate, divine,
Raised temple, tower, and painted dome ;
Gave to the woman's heart her mate,
Gave to the wife her home.

MRS. WILLIAM MASON,

OF TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

FRIEND ! thou hast met and crossed the border land,
Great love and pity freighting either hand.
What angel's task than thine more tender, fairer, —
Burthened with other's woes, and blessing-bearer !
A life for others filled, a laden day
Cumbered with good that fadeth not away.
How shall sleep pain without thy gentle wile,
How patient smiles be born without thy smile !
Ah ! full howe'er the cares while thou art gone ;
Beloved, at Jesus' feet shall sleep thine own !

AN HOUR.

AN hour, full fraught, hath fled to heaven :
What thought, what record, bore it there ?
Strength, conquering, that with sin hath striven,
Prayer, humble prayer ?

What bear ye on your glancing wings,
Swift hours ? Up with ye in your flight,
Speed earth's most evanescent things,
For ye are light.

Fair forms, hope's airy shade and mirth,
Laughing up-buoy your failing powers,
Giddy with youth's gay dream of earth,
Light hours, light hours !

Wide wings, is there no darker weight
Upon your plumes, no weary wrong
Forgiven, ye upward bear elate,
For ye are strong !

Aye, and flushed wrath and suffering's scream,
And sorrow watching, mourning long,
And pale, lost memory's fading dream, —
Oh, ye are strong !

Fragile and light ! Yet mirth is gone, —
In distance hushed hope's wizard song ;
And I, eternal wheelers-on,
Feel ye are strong !

¶

READ BY A
 HARVARD .
 OUR OWN F
 THE NINETY
 GRIEF'S CAS
 COLUMBIA
 NOW FOR C
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 WHEN STRU
 THE MATRO
 LET ME GO
 HARVARD .
 BUCHANAN'S
 THE NORTH
 SHILOH — VI
 CUMBERLAN
 THE CONSTI
 HYMN . .
 AUTUMN .
 THE CHANDE
 THE RECORD
 AUTUMN .

THE PAVILIO
 LUCRETIA MA
 THE MANIAC
 TAKE BACK
 THE EVENING

And the first of these was the building of a house —
 And the second was the building of a city —
 And the third was the building of a nation —
 And the fourth was the building of a world —

And the fifth was the building of a universe —
 In the first of these the world was built —
 And in the second the world was built —
 And in the third the world was built —

TWO EXETER BOYS. 1881.

[Jared Sparks and John Gorham Palfrey entered Exeter together, passed through life together, and in wearing illness held bright hopes of a future together.]

Unblemished Faith and Truth have met ; they twain,
Their bell for morning study rung again,
Their ages of Eternal Youth begun,
Their way to glorious hopes once more to run —
Marvel on marvel of the works of God —
With wingèd feet, on paths together trod.
Their crystal life the power to weep disarms,
They whose last sleep broke sudden in Thine arms,
They whose last solemn waiting met Thy smile,
The golden cloud, the Love ineffable.
Give them the heart, not man's, to bear the bliss,
To meet the circling All, the rich abyss ;
Then, with great Moses, count the stars he saw
Mid desert fires when spake in fire Thy Law !
The Truth — the Truth, in all Thy works to gain,
Their love so great, the more shall they attain,
Study the wondrous Will which balanced Earth
And wrought the rich ingredients of her birth.
Tenderly, mighty One, our treasures sweet,
They twain, we leave them gently at Thy feet.

"SCATTERS WHERE THE MIST."

SCATTERS where the mist of night?
Glorious sun is breaking through
Chirping birdies hail the light
Wave slight rose-stems to and fro.

Fresh and warm the happy day
Saffron streaks on welcome dawn.
Ah, *within* the anxious eye !
Something dear so chill and wan !

Trills the lark, and shouts the starling,
Rural sounds go humming by, —
Slowly ebbs thy day, my darling,
Silent faints thy life away !

1877.

MOON AND SUN.

PUR Sue, O best beloved, thy purpose high,
Amid earth's sons on angel mission roaming ;
I, the while, silent in the silent sky,
Love's sentinel unto love's watchful eye,
Like tinted morning clouds that see the dawn is coming !

THE CENTURY PLANT.

TELL me, Oh Lord, tell even me
What here shall live, and live to Thee?
If I, Oh Lord, if even I
Shall something find that may not die?
Grief diggeth deep and lieth low,
Like any stone ;
But from its bed soft waters flow,
And sweetest flowers, with vines upgrow,
Around the throne ;
And then, and then, from every root,
If grief be gold, they fade in fruit.
Hope smiles, and sings and longs for heaven,
Weeps, dies, with kisses is forgiven.
Blind anger's flash, rush, struggle vain,
In darkness born, falls back again.
Love 's a guest of heavenly birth,
Nor knoweth time nor toucheth earth.
A tendril, love, from loving skies, —
Lives if we live, and with us dies.
For us it hangs its arching bowers ;
In life eternal, love is ours.
The babe from angel hands above
Brings love, so it may learn to love ;
A holy dower by love sent down,
Strength, test, prize, trial, cross, and crown.

What 's certain in this world-wide span?
What 's constant that belongs to man?
Ah, who 's assured of work, power, health?
At yon low portal, where is wealth?
One cactus, of immortal growth,
Than life or death is stronger both, —
A thorny stalk without a leaf;
A harvest — none shall bind the sheaf,
A deadly fruitage none shall see —
Sin ! — sin that earns remorselessly,
A death, death hath no power to kill,
A life — and indestructible.
Sin ! — hath it not a century flower,
Sin — bitter with a healing power?
Have I not sinned, O bleeding Lord !
And others suffered at my word, —
And, suffering, learned from woe to feel,
Pitied my sin, in tears that heal?
Have I not drank the bitter half,
The healing woe I caused Thine own?
Have we not made my sin our staff?
May wandering feet ne'er find Thy throne?
Sin only lives that sin may die,
Only because I sin have known,
Come I to Thee, come even I !

NIGHT.

WHEN rapid evening's hurried chime,
And short the day as age's hours,
And swift as youth are tide and time,
And gone the strength that sheltered ours ;

For us, — for us who front the sun,
While sunset dews in smiles relent ;
When night and coming glow are one,
And sleeps the day in rich content, —

And we perchance good deeds recall,
And scorn another's vesture worn,
What measure shall we ~~meet~~ withal, *mate*
Where sunny hope was never born ?

FEBRUARY 17, 1877.

"THE HEAVEN OF HEAVENS."

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
 Thèe, Father, Friend, and King ;
Yet build we temples not in vain,
 Nor vain the gifts we bring !

Behold with these Thy servants come ;
 Already at Thy gate
The weak, the blind, the maimed, the dumb,
 Lay down their loads and wait.

We wait to watch, and weep, and pray ;
 Sinners, to say " we sin !"
We wait to work the while 't is day,
 Thy grace, dear Lord, to win !

To weep amid the dark eclipse
 Which blinds us to the Day !
To pray, — give music to our lips,
 To heaven new harmony !

CHILL AGE.

THE failing step, the senses dim,
With heart forever young,
May share the life's unfailing hymn
And low perpetual song.

For me no frown hath age's brow,
The lost are ever nigh ;
But oh, 't is only now I know
How sad her tearless eye, —

To live, nor share the smile or sigh,
To give, for thankless grasp ;
A blank, for common sympathy ;
A hand with none to clasp !

Then oh, how bleak the coming night,
How chill the heights of even !
No charm hath age to stay the light
That glows in love's mid-heaven !

Without a tear where worldlings chide,
That heart, alone and drear, —
Close nestling to the Shepherd's side, —
Is dumb, and lets Him shear.

Lift not, O Lord, the weary load
That bears me, suffering, down ;
The blows that drive me nearer God,
Must urge the wanderer on.

Each morning dawns, a dreary scene, —
No shelter from the blast !
No heart expands to let me in,
The blows fall thick and fast.

It may not cease, the loving storm ;
'T will cast me on the shore.
Lord, in the cloud I see Thy form,
And only love Thee more.

It would not come so driving hard,
Lord, were there time to spare ;
Only do Thou the work prepared
For me, — bear Thou my care !

"OH, HOW AM I."

OH, how am I, with countless blessings, poor ;
How, with a word of praise, am stricken down ;
How deep the sudden wound that I endure ;
What sharp reproaches does my spirit own, —

Not wholly, Lord, because I leave undone
That one hard thing Thou gavest me to do ;
Refuse the thorn thou gavest for my crown,
And love so idly, though I love Thee, too !

My light, that led not the decrepit blind ;
My cloak, that for the threadbare waited not ;
My words reproving, when they should be kind,
My purity, that whitened no dark blot !

Ah, me ! that bear no ill, what shall I bear,
When patient love seeks out its erring child, —
Some trailing vine not clothed with fruitage rare,
While my rich vine with leaves was thick and wild ?

When I was tortured with a chilling glance,
And bitterly a healing warmth forbore ;
When cut my very soul with bootless taunts, —
My loving labor paused for many an hour.

Have I not trespassed with the first deep sin,
Consumed my fruit of knowledge meant for all ?
Do I not climb and eat, for me and mine,
And smile supreme when weak ones fail or fall ?

Oh, Thou hast never promised pardon, peace,
To him, the pure, who passed the sinner by ;
How can the spirit spring to quick release,
Content in health to live, — a Pharisee ?

RIZPAH.

BUT the King David took the two sons of Rizpah, the daughter of Aiab and he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord. And Rizpah took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night. —
2 SAMUEL, xxi.

I sit alone, and I weep alone.
Oh, in his tents and with his own,
And guarded by his martial ring,
Mid Israel's tears sat Israel's king,
When for his bad, bright, beauteous one
He sobbed aloud "My son, my son!"

I sit alone, and I weep alone !
The harvest-time hath come and gone,
The first bright days of mirth and wine, —
Ah, what were they to me and mine ?
Of sackcloth, her unsheltered tent
Who knew and felt the love of Saul,
In every glorious lineament,
Of Israel the goodliest all !
And thou wert mine ! When think I can,

So burns the past upon my brain,
A broken radiance, seen and gone,
Not joy's not woe's, — thine, thine alone !
This faded brow by monarch's side,
This haggard form a monarch's bride, —
A vanished dream those days of old
Their glory, pomp, a tale that's told.
Pride, pomp, and sceptred power were vain,
They could not still one throb of pain ;
I would not one vain hour recall.
From thee, from thee, O Saul, O Saul,
One glance of love were worth it all !

Oh, man has gathered in the pride
Of Judah's richest harvest-days,
And wife and children wrought beside
To greet his words of love and praise.
What word of love or praise for me ?
Saul — dead ! For regal Saul to die
Benumbed the half of memory —
Hushed for my ear eternally
My children's dear familiar tones, —
Let the bare rock my dwelling be,
I cannot, cannot leave their bones,
Though palsied were both heart and hand
When spake King David's fell command ;
As when, at word of Saul, stood grand
The vision of the prophet-seer,
Dread sanction of prophetic fear !

The sun hath beat upon my head
Through long, long months of summer's joy ;
Still I will make my flinty bed
Near thee — near thee, my youngest boy.
My youngest boy ! In tearful mood,
Loved charmer of my solitude, —
The magic of thy infant years
Oft wiled away thy mother's tears.
Oh, I am heir to tears and groans,
I must have wealth for mine, my sons !
My sons ! My boys ! My eldest born, —
Beloved before thy natal morn,
Oh, more than youth's first giddy dreams,
Than young affection's deeper streams, —
Loved for the wile I only guessed,
The smile which I first saw and blessed,
Loved for the clear light of thine eye,
Loved for thy slumber's happy sigh, —
Brows loved for every tiny curl,
Lips loved for every new-born pearl ;
Hands which thy dress half-way removed,
Limbs for each added roundness loved.
My eldest born, loved most of all
Because thou wert the son of Saul !
And when those hands, their little force,
Would try to check the Jordan's course,
And when those limbs, in bolder play,
Would safely stem the Jordan's way, —
Oh, all a mother then, my son,
I loved thee, for thyself alone !

And they have seized these ripened charms,
These breathing forms so beautiful,
And given to my empty arms
This dreadful but this cherished all !

For Rizpah there is none on earth,
Her heart can know no second birth.
Dark as the sackcloth of her seat,
Dry as the ashes at her feet, —
With nought beneath, around, above,
With nought to fear and none to love, —
She cannot leave her holy trust,
Her sacred all, her children's dust.
No ! though a change is on the plain,
And wildly pours the autumn rain ;
And through the clouds, by thunder riven,
The water droppeth out of heaven.

And let it fall, my blessed ones,
Upon ye, so it drench me too.
For this I breathe no useless moans, —
Fate is not hard, if shared with you !
I will not wet the stranger's eye
With tears which none but mine should pour ;
I'll brook the narrow sympathy —
Which felt too late to save, — no more !
Lo ! castled on my rock of death
None shall approach my state, my sons,

Nor footsteps from the Gibeon heath,
This lonely woe, these guardian stones ;
No, — nor the birds of air by day,
No, — nor by night the beasts of prey !

Thus in accents sad and slow
Widowed Rizpah poured her woe ;
Then, poor martyr to her fate,
Childless Rizpah silent sat.

AUTUMN.

Now fades the grass, but not with heat
The flower thereof doth fall away ;
Nature is hushed before her change,
The evening of her Summer day.

And solemn falls the foot of time ;
And soft as at the morning's birth,
Soft as the finger on the lip,
The golden leaf doth touch the earth.

And still, as at a fireside prayer,
The sun goes down the southern sky ;
Even so descend upon our hearts,
The truths of immortality !

No flower uprears her gaudy freight,
And offers chaliced incense now ;
No wingèd bloom of future fruit
Doth linger on the parent bough.

With fragrant breath they told their tale,
These gentle seers, and passed away ;
Glad insects sported in the sun,
Then rested from their brilliant day.

The little bird hath come and gone,
Hath loved, and left his air-swung nest ;
He knows that when the Spring returns,
Fresh leaves again shall shade his rest.

The towering tree o'erspreads with waste
The withered wild-flower at its root ;
But, types of an eternal hope,
Each sends the floating seed about !

Yes ! bird and tree and prophet-bloom
Trust Thee for life and hope renewed ;
And shall I doubt that boundless love
Will make its boundless promise good ?

MAY 7, 1843.

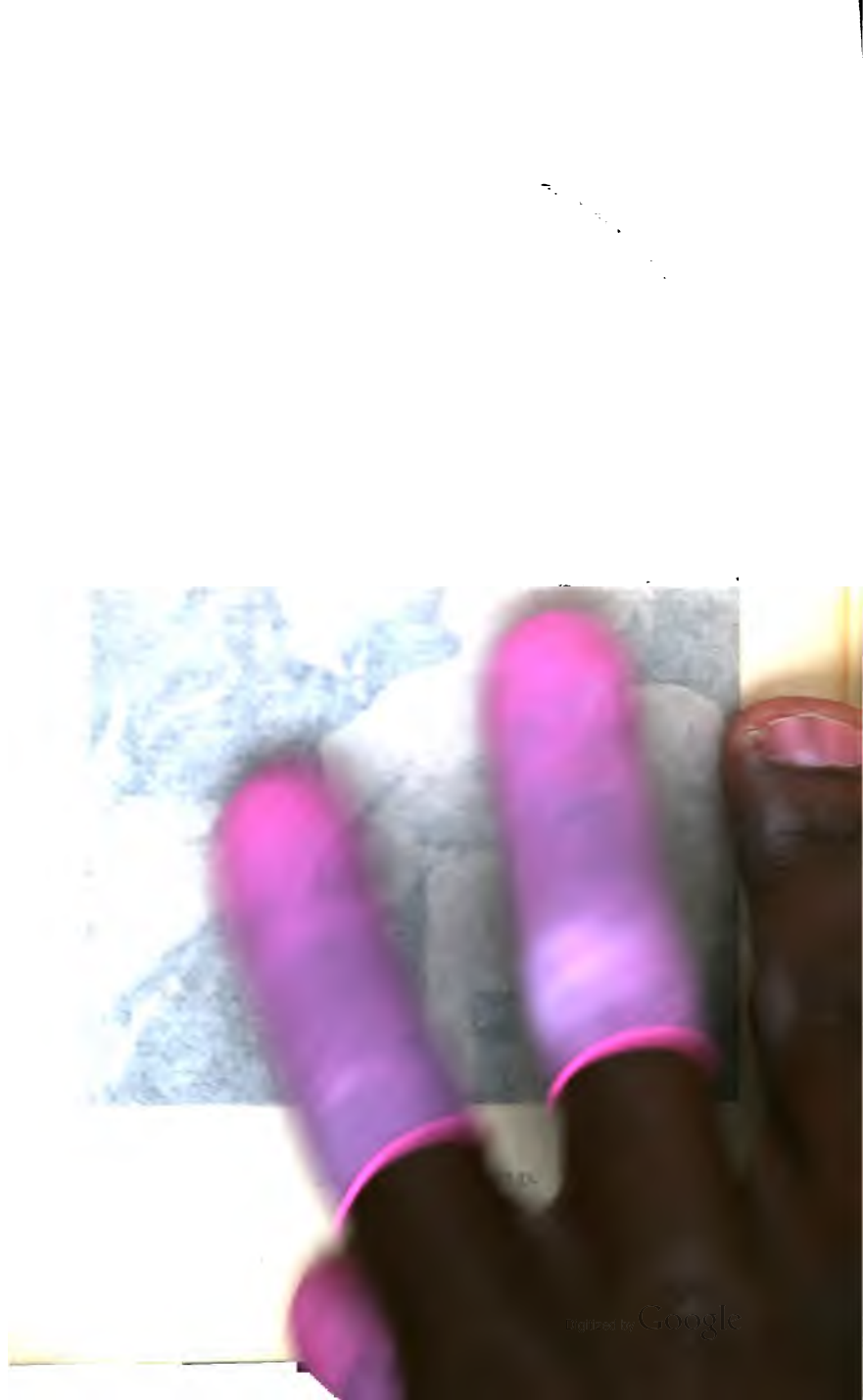
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R L



MOTHER AND CHILD.

H O M E



H O M E.



FATHER AND CHILD.

H O M E.

H O M E.



THE HAPPY MATRON.

My heart it acheth never,
For God is ever good ;
My babe He watcheth ever,
He makes its daily food ;
For life it is a marvel,
And God is ever good !

My husband's love doth cherish,
And he doth honor me ;
To-morrow, if I perish,
What matter can it be ?
My life is full with blessings,
And he doth honor me !

THE MOORISH PRINCESS AND THE
EVIL SHADE.

A LEGEND OF HYÈRES.

WHILE with beauties evanescent,
Wild the winds her tresses toss ;
Glowing on her brow the crescent,
Hidden on her heart a cross ;
Gain or loss, —
A cross !

Whelmed in sands ; her footsteps' error
Followed by the Evil Shade ;
Brothers fled in mortal terror, —
Bride unclaimed, the royal maid,
Fair and wan,
Alone !

Sweet eyes still, and pale lips parted,
One hand on the Tree Divine ;
Fainting limbs, but angel-hearted,
On his brow she signed the sign, —
Gain or loss, —
The cross !

Whirled by night and tossed by day ;
Storm and wreck and shuddering breath, —
Still the Shade she kept at bay, —
Breakers chill and shore and death !
Then rest :
So best !

Tangled tresses all unrolled ;
Sheltered cross upon her bosom ;
Tangled chains of hair-fine gold.
“ Fair,” they said, “ as almond blossom :
Gain or loss, —
A cross ! ”

They smoothed the hair and chains of gold ;
They honored her, they buried her ;
But left untouched the mantle's fold
O'er that Divine Deliverer,
Found, not lost,
On their coast.

Gold then sent the Moorish king
To the town upon the bay ;
“ But men will fight for golden ring, —
Give an Iron Cross,” they say ;
“ Gain or loss, —
A cross ! ”

Stands the Cross of Iron still,
Still they love the maiden's fame ;
By the church-tower on the hill
Still they name the maiden's name, —
And they rest,
So best !

FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

LE VERRIER.

DISCOVERER OF THE NEW WORLD.

VERRIER ! thy name with trembling awe to sing,
In vain the muse expands her upward wing ;
Trembling, she sinks and, awed, her hope deplores, —
A traveller thou upon celestial shores !
Lo ! where, triumphant o'er thy noble kind,
Thine ark outrode the deluge of the mind, —
Prone to thy sail, a timid dove, she flies,
To hail thee there, Columbus of the skies !

Who found the orphan, wandering on the wild,
And bade the placid heavens own their child ?
Bade eager earth extend her brazen hands
To seek a sister on their golden sands ?
With the last trembling drop, O favored one,
Who filled the star-fraught beaker of the sun,
And weighed the golden platines of the night ?
Bade a world be, and lo ! it rolled in light ?
Take up the message thou but half hast given,
Repeat the errand of that child of heaven.
Say, to that harp, whose third and thrilling string
Low vibrates here, do weeping angels sing ? *

* The ancients maintained the probable discovery of some of the more remote planets, and deemed that other "strings would complete the heavenly lyre" which Le Verrier has newly attuned.

Is the note perfect there, to us so shrill, —
 And say, oh say, in Music shall it swell?
 Is the chord perfect there, whose notes resound
 In wildering echoes here of murmured sound?
 Or guide those notes serene yon mystic dance,
 Which reach our ears in wail of dissonance?
 Closes the diapason fully there,
 Faint and unfinished in this distant sphere?
 Its cloudy garment rent at thy command,
 Burst the "thick darkness" of its "swaddling band,"—
 Lift up that voice which fixed its corner-stone,
 And measured its foundations, one by one!
 Shall murmurs cease there, hopes be counted o'er,
 Shall grateful thoughts more freely heavenward soar?
 Say, shall suspicion "sleep at wisdom's gate?"
 Shall rancorous lips restrain the cry of ~~fate~~? ¹⁸⁴⁶
 And virtue's wan eclipse disperse in bliss,
 And pity raise sad error with a kiss?
 Shall prayer no more to human ear make moan,
 And sympathy be merit's meed alone?
 Shall care lie down with peace, and twin disease
 Hang, soothed and sobbing, at the breast of ease?
 Shall love repose once more in Psyche's arms,
 Nor Memory mourn her too immortal charms?
 Speak! with a dream of music fill our souls,
 While from thy lips the theme supernal rolls!

1847.

NOTE.—M. Le Verrier gave a pleasant reception for his friends to hear these verses read aloud by one among them, an American gentleman.

LOVE AND LIFE.

OH, what is Life, and what is Love, —
The one so frail, the other strong ;
One scarce outlasts the summer day,
The other, worn and riven, so long ?

In home's dear haunts Life leaves no trace
Of charms that were our fondest boast ;
But Love, while hearts have hope and grace,
Doth cherish still the one she lost.

Ah, little would I ask of Life
Which breathes awhile this nether air,
For, when my dwelling is on high,
Fond Love will cling forever there.

And what if Life be short on earth,
And what if Love be worn and riven ?
One fadeth where she has her birth,
The other always is of heaven !

1843.

THE SHADOW OF FLOWERS.

For my childhood, love's prophecy, came
A sketch of soft doves, and a wreath
And a circle of light on my name,
A faint shadow of flowers beneath.
Flower-laden, life brought to my bosom
Gracious buds, bearing bliss to my bowers ;
And from these, early shattered in blossom,
Falleth ever the Shadow of Flowers.

Kind friend ! all unconsciously round me
It fell, the dark charm of that wreath ;
And fresh, but oh, shadowy, hath bound me
With dew and with bloom till my death.
And my footsteps still onward forever
Have trod in that circle of light ;
But my heart, hope forsook it, oh never !
Though my brow wore that soft kiss of night.

Oh, when life is unclouded refulgence,
And happiness sanctifies home,
What then, even then, is remembrance,
Save the altar that hallows the dome ?
And now the mild pageant is closing ;
Love counts, one by one, golden hours ;
On my brow, lo ! in twilight reposing,
Sad and tender, the Shadow of Flowers.

THE ADIEU.

FATHER ! Thou who lov'st Thy children
More than they who weep and part,
Guide the father and the husband
To my weak but yearning heart.

God of wind and God of ocean,
Lull Thy ministers to peace !
God of joy and God of sorrow,
Bid each threatening danger cease !

God of earth and God of heaven,
Kindly still protect Thy child !
Ruler of the mountain billow,
Watch Thou o'er the faithless wild ! *pathless*

God of health and God of sickness !
Be about his couch afar ;
Father ! though no friend be near him,
Let us feel that Thou art there.

Shed upon his daily pathway
Countless blessings as of old ;
And to his dreaming spirit nightly,
One by one, our names be told.

Names of friend, and more than brother,
Fellow-laborers here below ;
Those for whom he thought and labored,
Watching o'er their weal or woe.

Let angels tell, and tell it softly,
Of another far away ;
Say how well they left his darling,
And how happy in her play.

The wife, too, of the dreamer's bosom,
The wife whose heart is with him there, —
Tell him that on him she thinketh,
And his noblest hopes will share.

Whisper gently of her fondness,
Whisper of her foolish wiles ;
Tears few but sad the past hath numbered, —
In his presence changed to smiles.

Sketch the home he left behind him,
Sketch it cloudless all and fair ;
Paint the loved ones that await him, —
Utter low a wife's fond prayer !

1840.

MISS C—KE.

THE strong of arm and strong of heart,
With love parental watch thy way :
Up, maiden ! to thine earnest part !
With noble toil their love repay.

Unveil thy virtues far and free
To burgeon, as in southern skies
Luxuriant India's banyan tree,
Whose arches fair successive rise.

And should a cloud o'ercast thy brow,
Oh, rouse the spirit strongly then, —
As droops that tree her graceful bough,
To tower in glorious growth again !

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
FREDERICKTON, N. B., 1843.

"THE BABY TO HER UNCLE."

THE Baby to her Uncle Ware !
She never saw but greets him fair ;
And sends to him a little letter
In hopes one day to know him better, —
Hopes on his journey he may thrive
And Aunt and he have charming drive.
They say it is a pleasant spring
With bee and flower and bird on wing ;
May everything around them be
As good and sweet and fair as She.

"THOU HAST TAKEN."

THOU hast taken from our care,
Lord, the child of many a prayer ;
Homeward doth her spirit fly,
Wings of truest liberty.

Dweller in that home above,
Wrap our infant in Thy love !
She hath garnered her in Thee
Knowledge great exceedingly.

She doth taste and "see how good "
God prepares her daily food ;
On my lips the bitter part —
Be it sweetest in my heart !

Failing oft, for we are dust,
Still we strive Thy name to trust.
When shall we be bound in Thee,
Blessing great exceedingly ?

MOUNT AUBURN.

[This communication was suggested by a notice in the daily journals of recent spoliations thoughtlessly made in the enclosures of Mt. Auburn. I have read the articles with sorrow, — for I too am a sharer in its associations, — “more in sorrow than in anger,” for I too have been young ; but I would gladly lend my aid to remind the light-hearted of the sacred affections which are thus violated.]

OH, she hath lost her little flower
We planted by her narrow home,
Where we might pass a saddened hour,
And deem her spirit there did roam !

We parted with her tender charms,
And we suppressed the yearnings wild,
And in fair earth's maternal arms,
We laid the image of our child, —

Amid sweet Auburn's verdant aisles,
All consecrate by prayers and tears,
By holy sighs and patient smiles,
By living hopes and buried years.

But hearts, young, bright, and gay came there,
And trampled on the verdant sod ;
And when my infant's flower was fair,
They plucked, and lightly on it trod.

Our hearts — for earth hath not the power —
We cannot quite from earth recall ;
I wept upon that broken flower,
My gift of love, my infant's all !

THE RETURN TO THE LILY WREATH.

ALL withered ! When we laid thee there
We left a kiss with every leaf, —
A quivering smile all sad with tears,
The shadowed smile of tender grief.
Light floats the raft on sunny seas,
While chill her treasures coil beneath :
I see them still, — that little mound,
Thy blossoms rich, thou glowing wreath !

'Mid Nature's summer smile, and Man's,
Upon my silent soul they gleam ;
I gazed adown the valley's wealth,
I stood beside the mountain stream,
When music trilled from thousand throats,
Filled with her joy the dewy air ;
When wandered lone the holy moon,
'Mid stilly Nature's silent prayer.

The wild bird warbled from the branch,
And echo answered at the close ;
The charmed air lingered to be struck
Again with sounds so sweet as those.
Here, o'er the homestead's grassy sward,
A mother's charge, the infant, crept ;
While, cumbered with love's labor sweet,
From rock to rock the squirrel leapt.

The pealing organ's swelling praise,
The falling torrent's loud alarm,
The cottage mother's lullaby,
The huddling rivulet's drowsy charm ;
The mountain crest, the sunset flush,
And teeming Nature in her prime,
The tender maple's early blush,
The abundance of the harvest time, —

Oh, Nature's summer smile, and Man's :
Upon our souls how fair they fell !
And yet, — that little mound and wreath, —
'Mid vale and crag, — I saw them still !

1842.

Age now hath come, with shortened breath,
And life hath sped with wayward will ;
But silver-voicèd earth cannot,
Nor chiming waters, break the spell !

•

A YEAR AGO THIS DAY.

(SET TO MUSIC BY PROFESSOR PAINE.)

How softly wooes the blissful breeze,
 As, gliding through the sky,
 It sings, "How dear the present hour!"
 Yet sweet is memory.
 O gentle, gentle airs of heaven!
 So pityingly ye flow —
 As I gaze into your deep-blue home —
 About my saddened brow!

The lofty tree bends to and fro,
 Beneath your loving sway;
 Even so it swung, and so you sung,
 A year ago this day.
 A year ago this lovely day
 The sky was full as fair:
 As fair and soft yon verdant tints
 Then, as this day they are.

O gentle, gentle airs of heaven!
 I love ye as ye flow —
 All gay with song, and ripe with bloom — *ripe*
 Around my saddened brow.
 All wooingly, all soothingly,
 Ye call me from the sky:
 "How sweet," ye sing, "the passing hour!"
 Yet dear is memory!

BREATHINGS AT MOUNT AUBURN.

OPe the gate, thou holy keeper,
Burst, oh burst the sealèd stone !
I would tell the little sleeper
That we are no more alone.

O darling, darling ! I would whisper
Blissful breathings in thine ear ;
Telling that thy little sister
Wipes, how many a silent tear !

She sheds rainbows on our sadness !
Most to father she was given ;
Thou dost know that title's gladness,
Thou hast learned it, dear, in heaven !

She doth shout it, with another,
When her little heart is stirred ;
She hath found a name for " Mother," —
That is earth's most holy word !

Never on thy lips it lingered,
Where mine clung, so soon to part ;
In thine eyes I read it, darling ;
Oh, it lived within thy heart !

Hers are tears of summer's shedding ;
 Thou hast never shed a tear !
 We dry them ; we are not so lonely,
 For our home it holdeth her.

Tears ! they teach us many a lesson,
 Thou from angels' lips dost hear ;
 Tears ! they water plants for heaven, —
 Thou a flower wast nurtured there !

Could'st thou utter, of that dwelling,
 One fond whisper in mine ear !
 Could'st thou — oh, my deep heart 's swelling ! —
 Tell of those who met thee there !

Have they met thee, — they, the worshipped ;
 Will they to my heart return ?
 Names that should in light be written,
 When their utterance shall I learn ?

Oh, farewell ! Light dies away, love !
 Comes the world upon my soul ;
 Peace, the halcyon, flies the wave, love !
 Back the tides tumultuous roll !

1846.

EGG ROCK, NEAR NAHANT.

SHAPED LIKE A LION.

HAST thou a soul in that heart of rock?

Hast thou an eye in that watching form?

Hast thou a fear for the tempest shock?

Hast thou a thought for the groaning storm?

Ah, king ! how still thy hoary head doth rest,
Fast curled on youthful ocean's throbbing breast, —
Thy marble form upon that heart of hers,
Like death reposing on the universe !

Grand lion of the seas ! thy vast abode,
With thee unmoved upon its heaving floor, —
Like the wide heart of man beneath its load,
Wintry, and wild with storms, tosseth from shore to
shore !

OLD FURNITURE.

THEY have left my father's house and home,
All, steady and old, turned out on the road !
All, strangers and old ! Must they too roam ?
All have been cared for in that abode !
 Heavy and slow as a funeral pall
 The wagon moves, and they jostle all !
 Only a desk, that is ill at ease —
 Only some chairs — and I thinking of these !

Chairs and a table which held us at meals,
Where we ate our bread, and spilt our milk ;
And two sat watching, with cautions and smiles,
A bureau, — not precious with robes of silk,
 But little white aprons, and nicest gowns,
 With thought made up and with care let down,
 Oh, why is a pang in my weary heart,
 And tears in my eye so ready to start ?

THE WIFE'S AFFECTION.

As loves the fragrant flower the sun,
Whose golden smile its being is ;
As loves the floating bird the air
Which buoys him to his home of bliss ;

As love the summer clouds the moon
Whose gentle form they late carest ;
As loves the child the mother's arms,
Which court it to its noonday rest ;

As loves the unfettered soul the star,
Whose light along its path is given ;
Even as the angel loves the babe
He bears with hymns of joy to heaven ;

So woman loves the faithful one,
Who gained her heart in early years,
Through hope, through joy, through changeful fate,
But most, ah most, through mutual tears !

968708A

EFFIE. 1845.

M. V. S.

A FLOWER in heaven's smile
O'erhung the brooklet fair,
And gazed upon the stars awhile,
Then lay in Effie's hair.
It died, and did bequeath — bequeath,
Its perfume to her breath.

The star of purest spell,
That shed the light of love,
'T was bright and soft and sad ; it fell,
Oh why? — fell from above !
It died, and gave away — away,
Its lustre to her eye.

The gentle breeze that swept
Where tinted roses play,
Over the curling brooklet leapt,
And danced its life away.
It died, and left, sweet murmurer,
Its softest grace to her.

The maid that loved the rose,
That saw the star and sighed, —
Lo, by the brooklet's chill repose
The breeze moans where she died ;
All sweets to her were given — given ;
She took them all to heaven !

TEACHINGS.

M. V. S. 1845.

SHE was fair and bright, and joyous too ;
And she played on the flowers,
Waving and nodding, and heavy with dew,
In their morning bowers.

Hour after hour she watched their hues
Of rainbow light ;
But she wept aloud, for she could not choose,
At their noonday blight.

A bird there was, whose loving notes
To her heart were dear ;
Lo ! lost in music away he floats
On the sunny air !

She sobbed, that the bird which fled from her lips
Should dwell apart,
Like a vanished hope, in dark eclipse,
On the maiden's heart !

Once more, she clung to a playful child,
But her peace was deep
When she saw that infant undefiled
In its last low sleep.

"They are gone to heaven !" said the maiden mild,
"Child, bird, and dew :
"Now I know the way," she spake and smiled,
"I 'll follow too !"

NOVEMBER 2, 1843.

WHY ARE ALL SO KIND TO ME?

M. V. S.

SHE sleeps, and Thou hast blest
Her sleeping and her waking, Comforter !
Thine arm is round her. Thou hast holier rest
And freer life for her, —

Even now while love draws nigh,
Adorning with kind deeds her softened day,
With golden deeds of ripe humanity
Strewing her pleasant way,

Her hours, though fair, are few,
The burthen of her life too full delight, —
Like honey-bee, o'erfraught with honey-dew,
Lost to the hive at night !

And softly on her brow
Falleth the gracious shadow of her crown ;
And swiftly noble traits are ripening now,
Her rich prime should have known.

God bows her gentle head,
And heaves her bosom fair with laboring breath,
Toucheth her forehead with a baptism dread,
And hallows her with death !

MAY 4, 1845.

"OH, THE DEPTH OF JOY."

Oh the depth of joy that lies
Calm in Fannie's tender eyes,
Oh the world of merry guile
Dimpled deep in Fannie's smile.

Oh the music, passing art,
Speaks from Fannie's deeper heart,
Says, while starts the sudden tear,
"Do you love me, Mamma dear?"

SOUTH ANDOVER.

BALLARD VALE.

OH, the dear old pond and the wide oak trees,
Where I used to stay till vacation was o'er ;
And Pomp, the old negro, who gave it a name,
And his house and his girls of sixty and more,
Where I went election-day !

Where I bought me a cake, and came back by the stream,
Where it parts for the isle with the branching trees ;
I have swung by the grape-vine which curtains it in, —
So gracefully swayed by the petulant breeze
Which beat on the fragrant screen.

There I burnt me brown in the noonday sun ;
With my tiny feet, through the tangled grass,
I crossed the field by a way of my own,
And I stopped to count as the cows did pass,
And roll in the half-mown hay.

I took care to be present at milking-time,
And I begged to be by when the butter was churned ;
And was sure to get wet at the cheese-press screw ;
By the apple-pie oven my fingers were burned,
And cut with the pruning-knife, too.

And was n't I white with the miller's flour,
When my fingers were held to the singing wheel ;
But I was n't content, and I ran there again, —
And did n't I frighten my father well,
And did n't he frighten me !

Then the bridge where the boys had carved their names,
A little way off from the noisy din,
Where I looked at my foot in the wave below ;
And did n't I love the bright Shawsheen,
Which looked at the foot again.

And the lunch on the hill, of curdled milk,
And drop-cake and loaf-cake, and nutmeg and cream ;
The mothers, laboring up the hill,
To spring on the sport, while the children scream,
Fly towards them, or scramble away !

One blushes, half-wreathed with the oaken spoil ;
One rolls in the fern with her berries blue ;
One, garlanded all with the clematis bough,
Dress lifted to run, yet turneth too,
To watch the matron play.

Now came fathers and uncles and aunts by the score !
Too noisy to know when their wheels rolled by,
We greeted them now with a shriller shout ;
And bustled about with brighter joy,
To spread the grass where they lay !

Alas ! we have smoothed their grassy bed,
We have hung o'er their couch again — again ;
But the cheery smiles of gentle mirth,
Of love, and sweet pardon, we seek in vain, —
Our shelter has passed away !

There 's a great brick factory built there now,
And the winding road I know 's improved ;
But I wish 't was the same as ever it was,
And as roundabout, too, for my heart is moved
To see it so straight and smooth !

Oh, the hill and the pool, and the acorn-cups,
And the butternut tree by the mica rock ;
And the blackberry meadow, so sunny and hot,
And the chickens and hens, and the red-and-green
cock
That gave all my corn away !

And the breezy barn where I used to hide, —
That barn — but I may as well hold my tongue ;
They called for me always from there to be dressed.
I know no better now than when I was young
The hour I should leave off play !

SKETCH.

BUT hark ! an echo from the hill,
And lo ! a light upon the rill
Trembling in wavy brilliancy ;
And, where the meeting vines above,
Clasping each other about in love,
Swing in the night wind's potency ;
That flickering light from leaf to leaf,
Like the shifting shades of joy and grief,
Bewilders the darkened eye.

But it was not the spirit of beauty around
That checked the Indian's lightsome bound ;
'T was not that the goddess had stooped from on high,
To try if the power that had decked the sky
With its depth of blue, and its bowers of gold,
And the banners of crimson around them rolled ;
And the magic pavilion of Northern light,
With its mystic dance of its inmates bright, —
Which had robed it round as the place of her birth, —
Might mingle its tints with the shades of earth.

His glance had fallen on a light canoe,
Which sped its way through the waters blue
With a noiseless rush and a muffled oar ;
Nor crossed it once that track of light,

But held its course near the darkened shore,
 And wellnigh mocked his practised sight.
 The Indian to the light drew near,
 When from the cave a last death-moan,
 And then a loudly uttered groan
 Successive met his ear.
 Then on the grass he threw his bow,
 And to a crevice bent him low.
 The inner cave by the torch he saw :
 There lay the dead on a couch of straw,
 And one bent over that lowly bed,
 The laughing light of whose brow had fled ;
 Whose lip of mirth had chased away
 Many a tear by its roundelay ;
 Whose hand of kindness had lent its aid
 To smooth the wrinkles by sorrow made ;
 The airy light of whose youthful brow
 But showed the contrast more strongly now, —
 Like the waving torch of that midnight hour,
 Which lit the rocks with a fitful power,
 But left a heavier sadness there, —
 A deeper, darker hue of despair, —
 Like the cup of a flower which is left behind
 When its leaves have been torn by too rough a wind ;
 And who, now alone in the wild beasts' lair,
 Her brow all chilled by the touch of despair,
 Gazed on the form she had followed so far —
 That rayless eye which had been her star,
 That hand which had guided her infant years —
 With absorbing woe too deep for tears !

Then slowly breaking from the trance
Which could not bind the soul,
And shutting out that vacant glance
Which yet had seen the whole ;
Half shrinking from that fatal brink
So surely there,
Half turning from that fearful link
To another sphere.
That thing at once so high, so low,
The eye which burned to shed a tear,
The form so nerveless now,
So strongly nerved, till from that bier
Came forth that death-moan low ;
And o'er the all it cherished here
It hung in powerless woe —
She stood awhile a fitting mate
To that ransomed thing — the freed of Fate.

There is a sleep without a dream,
There is a night without a beam,
To bless the weary and watch-worn sight ;
But that dreamless sleep and that rayless night —
The one a wide waste of unpierced gloom,
The other a rest akin to the tomb
Are happier perchance in this
Than dimly glimmering
With cheated hopes of worldly bliss,
Near the wan mind hovering.
Oh, happier thus in apathy
Than, in its dread uncertainty

The dark intangible, with all
 Its weight of presence, lost, unknown,
 Its empty fulness, shadowy pall,
 Its thronging forms, and yet alone !

Thus half unseen to Ernie's eye,
 Thus crowding in its fallacy
 On many a wildly watchful glance
 Which shot from out that healing trance,
 With all that might its woe enhance —
 That scene dwelt on her memory.
 Present when gone, unseen when near,
 Forever burst upon her ear ;
 Forever danced before her eye
 The vivid flash that lit the grove,
 The lighted rock, the pallid cove ;
 Then flitting past, as sudden gone,
 The gasp, the mound, the dying groan ;
 Then all confused, imperfect thought
 Upon her wandering fancy wrought
 And burned upon her heated brain
 In madness till it burst again.

On the edge of a tangled and shaded wood
 With gun and with bow the Indian stood ;
 He paused for one glance at the shelterless
 Alone, alone in her sore distress,
 A trackless wood, and no star above,
 Alone with her god, whose name was love.

In a dell he paused to rest him soon,
And wait for the strife of the coming moon.
Swiftly, swiftly the waters flowed,
But faster yet ~~the~~^{the} boat flew by,
For steadily on the boatman rowed
To a rock which pointed silently
From the dark recess of a mimic bay,
To the waning light of a starless sky,
Where rocking to rest the boat might lay ;
For the jutting cliff which frowned on high
Had checked the eddying waters' play.
But why does the stranger guide his boat
Where still unseen on the wave it may float,
Nor shelter seek of the vine-clad cave ?
But lately to the tide it leapt,
And now like a child that calmly slept,
Hung on the curtained wave.
A moment's silence reigned around,
A moment and no more ;
A sudden flash hath lit the scene,
A moment showed the stranger's mien ;
Echo hath caught a martial sound
From that peaceful shore,
Shouted, and paused, and screamed again —
And all is o'er.

As when a dream hath burst in fire,
So keen and clear the mission dire,
She springs to life, a daughter brave.
The rippled moonlight on the wave

She saw, and knew, alas ! she knew
 No fear for him ! How sadly true !
 How shall she cease her watch and ward,
 So late his all, his sleepless guard !

So weeps the mother o'er the bier
 Of her poor, pallid orphan boy,
 When falls for him no other tear,
 No voice bore gladness to his ear,
 No welcome smile was bright with joy.
 Fruition of no happy hope,
 No home in life's wide horoscope,
 Of such the woe without relief,
 Love's pity, saddening more than grief !

A life with tender cares enwreathed,
 A name on which no censure breathed ;
 A home by yonder golden shore,
 With broad and equal skies above ;
 Some sheltered tears, no terror more,
 A sorrow shared, a sorrow sheathed ;
 One bitter woe, one cherished love,
 Alone she bore.

CHANGE.

MORNING HYMN.

OH, let me worship ! Worship all the earth !
Not with the moment's breathless ecstasy,
But calm and pensive, with the mind adore ;
Wake to the morning with the gift of prayer,
When first thou shalt unveil our wondrous home,
And when of labor blest thou spread'st the fruit ;
When jocund noon basks panting on the plain,
Or holy night is crowned with conscious dreams,
Or, lingering on the mountain top at eve,
Drops her maternal kisses, one by one,
As gleam by turns o'er watching cliffs, the stars.
For thou O garnished earth, in pride of change,
To whom God's love is light, around his throne
Refulgent, hath in triumph oft-times sung
Thy long, exultant shout of liberty.
Seasons have come and gone ; Winter hath ruled,
Oft in his turn, thy fortunes many-dowered ;
And Summer's modest garment oft hath rent,
And clad the mailèd trees in shattered sunshine.
And he hath given back Spring's sullen frown,
Sullen and solemn, like a despot crowned,
Who sees the conqueror's sword and will not flee.

"WE HAVE LOOKED ON LIFE."

WE have looked on life, and it shrunk to decay ;
We have lived for its pleasures, they passed away, —
Its trophies of art, and they could not stand, —
Our loved, and they fled from the grasp of our hand.
We gave our affections, — death stretched forth his rod ;
Oh, nothing will last but the throne of God !
Our spirits may cling to that lofty throne,
When, fading and fleeing, all else has gone, —
Sea, earth, star, and sun, — but that will last
Through the waves of eternity rushing past.
Lo ! here we stand 'mid the ruins of time ;
All is fleeting but He the Sublime !
Oh, He is untouched by change or decay,
Though our loved and their beauty have passed away !

SALEM, July, 1829. M. H. S.

"CALM, SOFT, AND STILL."

CALM, soft, and still the sea on high ;
The quiet stars come sailing on,
Freighted with love's most precious ore ;
They walk the waters, one by one,
And brave the clouds 'twixt earth and sky, —
The broken waves which lash the shore !

OCTOBER 9, 1833.

TO MISS MITFORD,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER KINDNESS, "ATHERTON."

A SORROWING angel folded misty wings
O'er the fair temple of my home beloved.
His the broad crown which bandeth brows of thought
O'er lips whose smile unfading is but trained ;
The sceptre his of care with sigh suppressed
Of tenderest pity ; love, with step restrained,
Which turneth not from lightest household charge,
Yet treadeth all unheard in darkened halls,
And pauseth near the couch of infant woe, —
Beauty's most sad, and yet most delicate
And perfect, miniature. The angel stood,
With holiest blessing in his holy eye ;
And on the expanse of shadowy clouded wings
We felt the shadow, while we knew the love.

Dear friend, slow moons had lookèd, one by one,
Upon my strength ; before their gaze it waned,
And hours were heavy. Gentle Florence paled ;
Bright Willie's merry lip with pain was curled ;
And playful Beatrice closed in constant woe
Those eyes so patient sweet in holy love.
No more with shrilly song amid the hay,

Or, hidden, found no more by rounded arm,
Deep in the leafy bed of mounded shrub,
All heavy heaving in the twilight breeze ;
Nor strawberries pilfering, with glee confessed,
Was laughing Lizzie, golden-haired. Afar
We bore them softly, sheltered in our hearts,
Bore them to summery South and sunnier skies.
So scenes all hallowed to past memories
Are holier now, because their feeble feet
Have trod the cultured sward ; their lips have prayed
Where domes o'erhung their father's voice in prayer ;
Their ears have heard, where Marshall's fostering hand
And venerated wisdom blessed my youth ;
Their hands have touched the bar where honored sat
Long in their country's Senate my own sire ;
And, where Potomac sweeps to Vernon's shades
Their twofold heritage of welcomes old,
Their eyes have watched her waves. And friends —
Dearer for absence, tried in trials, more beloved
For this than all — have clustered too, watching,
Around my babes, the while their mother failed.

Home ! Bear the mother to her waiting home ;
Around her let the wild breeze come and go,
Tossing the snowy drapery of her couch ;
Around her let the greeting maples wave,
Tulip-tree, linden, pine, and tree of life
Again, and elms their softened welcome nod !
Bring to her gladdened eye the flowers of home !
Hark ! let the twitter of the new-born bird,

Almost another child, salute her ear ;
And bring one leaflet from the embosomed bower
Which sent its crimson life-blood o'er the wave,
For noble Switzerland the leafy crown !

Now tell me "not to think !" Bid me forget
The long anxiety of waning moons !
Go, toss the cloudlet in the glancing sun,
And bid it take no shadow from the earth,
When transient eve puts in her casual claim !

Bring me some talisman of olden time,
Some beaker with an anodyne more strong
Than giant Memory, then, with grasp of fire, —
A chloroform, can cloud both light and truth,
Or gentle ether, soothing both to peace !

"Come, take your Shakespeare, then ; to thee, my love,
Ever the soother of the o'ertried hour."
"Nay, Shakespeare ! with that spell I cannot cope,
So am I worn that I am all unfit."
"Byron." "Too much of travel and unrest."
"Take Dickens, Hawthorne, —" "Dark with too much
light ;
Give me the newspapers, and I'll read *Man*."
So passed the sun o'er half his heaven of toil,
Nor was I weary of the creature Man.
Yet came refreshing change, for then his step,
Which ever brings me blessing full of love,
Drew near again. "Lo, dear, a welcome gift !

A hand revered has sent you 'Atherton.' "
Now then uprose the hand to greet the gift !
Uplifted, too, the burthen of the past ;
And, while I bowed to magic Nature's feet,
Back came the freshness of my girlhood's prime ;
Gone was the flush that tinted girlhood's cheek,
But glowed the same young thrill about my heart.
I trod the hedgerows of fair England's lanes,
And gladly lost me in the tangled shade,
'Mid many-tinted individual flowers,
Each with its character as clear as name.
Lo ! buxom girl and bowler picturesque,
Upon the fleckered pathway note me not,
The while I listen to the chat of life,
The counsel ever wise of earnest love, —
Words of unyielding truth and yielded heart.
"Lo !" said I, smiling the old quiet smile,
"*Here* I have studied Nature too, — and Man."

THE WEDDING DAY.

THOU wilt not write a poem now
To me, my love, to me,—
Ten years ago, ten years ago,
A bride so dear to thee?

'Tis I must say the tender things,
Must say I love thee, dear,
The more, my love, oh ! all the more,
For every passing year.

The more for every fond caress
That makes our Fannie's joy ;
The more for every smile of love
Cast bright on " Willie boy ; "

The more for every silent kiss
Our little Wild-Rose wears :
The more for tender memory
Which other forms endears.

But these are things thought, said, or sung,
Throughout the libelled earth,
By many a tuneful, truthful tongue,
Since hymned the stars her birth.

I'll tell thee something wonderful,
That I alone may know, —
Though thou didst doat upon me then,
As well thou lov'st me now.

I gaze without a shade of doubt
Upon that noble brow ;
I am not jealous of myself,
Thy bride ten years ago.

And if, as fades this passing year,
Shall fade thy Mary's life,
My last mute prayer of praise shall be
"Ten years I was his wife."

1849.

"HERE 'S MOTHER'S CHRISTENING BOWL."

HERE 's mother's christening bowl, heavy for baby ;
Willie is tearing his book on the grass ;
Lizzie has climbed on the chair by the chimney
And, with hands full of grapes, sits alone at the glass.

" O mother, dear mother, we 're all of us olding !
Myself I am five, and they mind me no more ;
You must get some new little ones, cunning and cosey ;
Let 's each have a baby and give it a flower ! "

FRAGMENT.

I LOST my early home ; its roof half hid
In sighing trees, with lips all quivering
To drink the summer's kisses ; its cool fount —
My first, best luxury ; its garden wide,
And grassy courts where I was the ant's friend,
And walled his fortress round with bootless love ;
Its latticed gate which grazed the gnarled root
Of sky-borne foliage ; entrance ever free
For glad admittance to a grandsire's halls,
Save where a twining rose, from loftier swathe
Unloosed by frolic winds, had bound its hinge —
Oh ! where the reverend form which filled these halls
With ever-new delights for childish love ! —

"DEAR MOTHER."

DEAR mother ! many years have passed
Since calm on thee I looked my last, —
So strongly nerved to check my tears,
I could not weep thee even in prayers.

And still, in brighter scenes, I start
And sudden heave the struggling sighs ;
And arid still within my heart
The memory of thy suffering lies.

Oh, loving gentle was thy life,
When on it came that solemn day ;
And hard to see, in mortal strife,
Thy spirit pass, alone, away.

The present fondly smiles for me,
I gently tread my downward way ;
Confiding love and childhood's glee,
They bless me, mother, day by day.

And if it fall, the evening shower,
With twilight peace thou drawest nigh ;
But most when shines the brilliant hour
I miss thy joyful sympathy.

Yes ! mid the pageant when I stand,
I miss thy tone, maternal, mild ;
In sickness, free the friendly hand, —
I miss thy word " My precious child ! "

Farewell — farewell ! This hour to thee
Hath borne its freight of saddened love ;
Back from that calm but shadowed sea,
To sunlit waves my thoughts remove.

Silena
ALONE.

COUCH of low and simple lines ;
 Bust of curves as purely Grecian ;
Wardrobes dark and mirrors old ;
 Sunshine soft with blinds Venetian ;
Sketchings, — one, the Causeway grand,
 Giants roam in mute contrition ;
One, the head revered and loved,
 Familiar now in scenes Elysian.

Softened shadows : stillness, made
 Sweeter by the balmy shading ;
Studied tints of hues that fade ;
 Hues that harmonize in fading ;
Spring's light fragrance, — half a dream,
 Conscious half, — the room invading ;
Mellowed hush of sweeping breeze,
 Half unfelt, the air pervading.

Sunk in rest, I silent sit, —
 Absorbing sit, my bosom heaving ;
Voice unuttered stirs its depths ; —
 I answer, smiling, half believing —
More than half love — choking sobs,
 Sobs indulged, the load removing,
Are not grief, with thee so near ;
 Only loving ! only loving !

APRIL, 1866.

NEAR IF AFAR.

My absent, holy love ! I sometimes fear, —
My sun of earthly suns, my dawn, my even, —
More than when at my side, I fear, I fear
Thou standest between me and God in heaven.

What charity than thine can be more fair
I see not ! In thy heart what virtue rose !
I measure virtue by the model there,
And in thy trust I feel that I repose.

Thy candor and yet reticence of soul,
Open as sunshine, save one patient woe ;
Thine insight keen, which knew and pardoned all, —
How couldst thou love, ah ! love so well, yet know ?

Even so do Thou forgive, who lov'st always ;
Whose glory lighteth our poor lamps, else dim ;
If by his light I come, 't is Thine the ray ;
He for God only, I for God in him.

DEVEREUX BEACH.

RockED upon thy billowy motion,
 Born upon thy sounding shore, —
~~Deep and~~ Ever mid thy music, ocean,
 I have ~~heard~~ the words "No more."
 learned

Echo brings her broken verse ;
 Harmonies of yore, of yore —
 Memory 's murmuring choristers —
 Crowd thy sounding, sounding shore.

Oh the wingèd, wingèd words,
 Oh the busy thoughts that throng,
 Like the many tunèd birds
 In thine atmosphere of song !

Deepest mid thy music, ocean,
 Swells the moan "No more, no more."
 Sighing with thy heaving motion
 On thy sounding, sounding shore.

THE PROCESSION.

THIS midnight hour, this hour of dread,
When terror bows each shrinking head,
When waving forms of shadowy dead,

'T is said, hold dreadful revelry !
The old year and the new have met,
But dare not stay their courses fleet
And will not even as sisters greet,

But frown in horrid rivalry !
I see, I see a shadowy band,
With motion slow and upraised hand
As musing on some dread command
Which blackened o'er their destiny ;
And to each form a curled scroll
Of names which fiery hands enroll,
And o'er each name a kindred soul

Hovers in deadly apathy.
It cannot stay the hand of fire,
Obstruction mocks the fierce desire,
Which urges and can ne'er expire

Through lingering futurity.
The years, the years, they glide away
In long procession, wan array,
Their headlong course they will not stay,
But rush into eternity !

1828-1829.

FAIR HISTORY.

FAIR History,
 Immortal maid, with open brow and eye
 Unveiled, all mournful, silent stood, recording crime.
 Pausing between the meeting years, Old Time,
 With withered finger thoughtfully upraised,
 Counts one by one the shadowy throngs that gazed
 By turns on the far sun of fame, and dreamed
 Fondly to make its lustre theirs. And lo !
 Where at his side, with clasped hand on brow
 Sits Memory, reviewing, tear-bedimmed,
 Each form by Truth's unwav'ring light : from where,
 Bright, pure, and blessed in Eden, the first pair,
 With all unsoiled and bright and blest around,
 Stood fearlessly, and there, where did abound
 All good, crept the dark evil on !
 Happy and beautiful, oh, even there shone
 The shorn and struggling glory ! Thence Memory
 Behind each passing form, on each young eye,
 O'er each fair brow, by each fond clasping hand,
 And by each lip of eloquent teachings,
 O'er patriot's cell, and in the home of kings ;
 Beholds the veiled shadow watching stand !

Thence her uncertain, half-bewildered aid,
 Aye, through that shadow looks the misty maid ;
 Hope, sobbing, at her feet lies, gathering thorns ;
 And chilled herself, by her example warns.

High Impulse, maimed, less firmly holds her way,
Ambition's pyre but lures men to betray ;
The dazzling deeds to which man links his name
Are but the monumental stones of fame.
And night and shadow were with Time. From far
'Through vista'd years scarce beamed truth's glimmering
star.

And Hate and Envy did their evil things
Where noisy tumult levelled feeble kings,
And good was weak. Intoxicate on rushed
Mad Bigotry, with drinking blood all flushed,
Rending Religion's robe, who bleeding fled
Afar with her torn hands and feet, and head
She "knew not where to lay," — to thorny wood,
Dim shade, where she, the conquering all of good,
Enduring sat, quelling the tempter still.
With sound of battle-trump and deeds of war,
On came young Genius, with his torch-bearer !
As pierced tradition's light the thickening gloom,
Gilding alike each trophy of the tomb,
And glancing free o'er banner, sword, and plume ;
And as it flung around its rainbow hue,
And, painting, hung with beauties ever new
Th' entrancing forms of that delusive band, —
The warrior's pride of strength, fair woman's charms, —
Tradition wildly shook the glowing brand,
And Glory, dreaming, smiled, and stretched his infant
arms !

1827.

ISHMAEL.

O ISHMAEL, was that a curse,
From out the mouth of God,
That followed thee throughout the earth,
Where'er thy free foot trod?

“Lo, at thy feet the human waves
Of wrath-roused earth are hurled;
The world 's upon thee, Ishmael:
Thy hand against a world!”

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
When, with a broken spear,
Thou stood'st above a prostrate world,
And left that world a bier?

Was that, O Ishmael, a curse,
Which gave into thy hand
The power to think thy chosen thoughts,
The might to seize thy land?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
That thou should'st stand alone,
To gaze with thy unshadowed eye
Upon Jehovah's sun?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
That far and free thy mind,
Through God's own works to God's own throne,
Should'st wander unconfined?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
When fallen Judea's soul
Sent o'er ^{dark} ~~the~~ earth the mighty Word,
Ample to save the whole?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
Knowing but "God is One,"
With but a half-extinguished torch,
At most, a clouded sun?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
That thou alone, apart,
Could'st see, *and choose*, the only ray
That fell upon thy heart?

O Ishmael, was that a curse,
The while thy great heart turned
At but a glimmering of that light,
And quick within thee burned?

CONWAY.

GRAND Egypt hath no entrance-hall like thine,
Up to the pillared zenith half divine ;
Yet portals wider from this solemn land
Open. Age, smiling, seeks a loftier strand ;
And holy Infancy, by sorrow chained,
Enduring, weeping, patient still, though pained,
Hath left its broken fetter in our hands.
Ah, what the ocean, these its upheaved sands ?

THE FLOWERS AT THE SILENT GORGE.

LIGHT of the shadowy pass,
Toy of the wind,
Child of the mountain gorge,
Balm to the mind !

Thousand the fragile blooms,
Fair without heed,
God gives the golden bee
Whereon to feed.

Noon gives you sunny smiles ;
Morn bade you weep.
God sends you death and sleep ;
Hist ! you shall sleep !

BABY WISHES.

WHO doth bring with dewy dyes
Peace that lives when effort dies,
Softened hour which softly flies?
Thou canst see with sweet surprise
Bliss from every source arise,
Mother's kiss and Conway's skies, —
Thou art wise, and overwise ;
Thy wishes should be prophecies.
“ Good-by ! ” and other beckoning, “ Come ! ”
I 'll take, dear, to my shadowed home.

SUNSET NEAR THE WASHINGTON RANGE.

GRAND mountain range, whose mightiest name
A world hath paused to hear,
How heavy on your ancient frame
The shadows dense and near !

Yet low in Crawford's Valley small
The sun pours laughing light,
While high on solemn mountain wall
Twin rainbows wed the night ;

And deep amid the graceful sweep
Of sloping outlines grand,
The chasm of Crawford's awful gorge
Controls a silent land.

Soft sighs by yonder torrent dread,
While billowy storms rejoice,
The tender lesson of the dead —
And sounds the still, small voice.

The great historic avalanche of 1826, which swept away the Willey family, still bears the Eidelweiss on the vast grave, a levelled extent of rock and gravel, where reposes the little infant which was never found.

THE OCEAN CHAIR:

AT THE ~~ISLES OF~~ SHOALS.

THE storm, the storm, the grand old storm,
 His triumph achieved, sends his smile abroad ;
 He tosseth the sea in the sunbeams warm,
 Toyeth with wrecks, and shouteth to God.
 She quivers and fawns in his pitiless sight,
 Dimples, and bribes with jewels amain,
 Tinteth with mists, and fiercely again
 Flingeth her waves with a fearful ring,
 Vainly battering the terrible rock, —
 The walls of rock which sternly upspring
 Right, right from her heart, with shock on shock
 For the ocean surge. A measure of wrath !
 The wrath of years, as one by one
 Each shallow ledge marks the dreadful path
 Where the storm spirit leaps to his victory won !
 On the upper ledge he hath groovèd a chair.
 Whose chair? Hath He ever clambered there
 Hoarsely to count, where the billows roar,
 Victims and wrecks on his beautiful lair?
 To scream at the far-bristling, tower-lit shore
 New England's vain watching, toilsome care,
 For sons on this brilliant, changeful sea ;
 (Great signals to guide her absent flock

Bound homeward ;) while he, in horrid glee,
Laughs, as down dashed on the hidden rock
Fall bars of iron, fail skill and toil !
Shuddering afar beneath sheltering dome,
Safe listening to ocean's dread turmoil,
Dreams woman of icy ropes, at home.
Whose chair? Lo, soft on the cliff above
Waves snowy mantle, treads trembling foot ;
Man, all too tender to woman's love,
Guides, guides the maiden, so never jar,
Frame so gentle shall shake or mar.
Out she gazed on the gleaming sea,
That is, and has been, and shall be,
With failing foot on sloping slide,
O'er billows of dead rock petrified.
Every flower was a culture gone,
A broken threshold each shelving stone ;
Each glossy leaf is a poison brave,
Each ledge a fragment, each sod a grave.
In each black gully, an Indian dart
Had frightened the mother in woman's heart.
Men say the love God hath loved and sealed,
There had shuddered and known to yield.
Past silent close and the narrow house
Stood lone and chill the marble pile,
Where Smith had hailed Agamenticus,
With Saracen turbans crowned about,
These had he slain, the adventurer stout,
And given their names to the triple Isle,
Which looked on New England's Jerusalem,
Ere Pocahontas had looked on him,

Sad, sad with the doom of a royal soul ;
Savior and victim — hers the roll.
O farewell kiss to her rugged strand,
O warm heart chilled in a stranger land !

“ Nay, hand so fair on this jagged edge !
One step, love, you reach the upper ledge ;
Seat thee, where spirits claim their birth,
Seat thee, O Queen of our Island Earth ! ”
Thus love cradleth fear on that awful seat.
Scooped on the ledge, lo, the Ocean Chair !
Now almost spirit she sitteth there.
How far, O soul of that gentle form,
Shalt thou outride the soul of the storm ;
How, with the rush of thy hope divine
Shall triumph of His be lost in thine ?
Nevermore in thy Island home, oh, nevermore,
Shall love meet the loved on the sobbing shore,
Shall myriad ocean charm heart and eye
With blissful glow, and with happy sigh.
She sitteth there, she sitteth there,
On the curvèd ledge of the Ocean Chair.
Awful the tidal wave heaves from beneath,
Plays and recedes, then swoops to death
All, all but the heaven of love and joy
That burthens the heart with ecstasy, —
All, all but the heaven of love and joy
Bourgeoning there where they cannot die,
Free and bright in a sunless sky,
For God is the light thereof on high.

THE MUMMIED FLOWERS.

NAY, nay, — unto the flowers is given
Perfect beauty, perfect love !
Perfect love from pitying heaven
With its children ever strove !
Ah, detain not for harsh gaze
That which came from love, for praise,
Gentle breath, and soft approach,
Coaxing hopes, mayhap reproach !
Theirs the patience born of noon ;
Gave God ever a free boon
’T is the manna none retain —
But gather more again !
Bind not with unkind skill
Their sweet will !
We have Moses and the prophets, and the flowers
With the incense of their breath ;
Give them that in which they trust !
They pass on the breath of the passing hours, —
Give them death !
Lay their gentle heads in dust !
From the brooklet, from the hedge,
Teaching, loving, (with a pledge
But to smile) and lo !
They may go.

Their pleading forms they raise,
And soft implore the eye,
With a bliss too full for praise,
With a breath too soft for sigh !
Their tears are not their own ;
Weeping angels by the Throne
Where love is softened light,
When they kiss the flowers at night,
The sweet flowers all alone,
Leave them theirs, — for they deem
A tear heaven's rarest gem.
They are fleckings of eternity,
From the brooklet, from the hedge,
Teaching, touching, with a pledge, —
Holy hope, shall it fail? —
Weary work for frame so frail
Brief shall be !
Each a soul, which hath prayed •
Once to come
Nigh unto the loved ones strayed,
Giving gentle hints of heaven,
And go home ;
Such the holy promise given, —
To go home !

. SEPTEMBER, 1864.

MY LAST DREAM.

SEEK not my home, dear love, when I am gone,
Roam not in ruined abbey where I dwell,
Lest, charming all things with so dear a spell,
One tear benumb my Dream upon his throne, —
All I bore with me of a rosy hue
Left there eterne to dwell with thy last kiss,
Prolonged forever with that murmured bliss.
Thou wilt have tears, nor canst that bliss renew !
Let no chill shadow die, love, in thy sun ;
Ah, make no war, sweet child, with silence sweet.
Thou too art holy ; turn thy holy feet,
For sacred silence will be all alone ;
While little breezes, childish footsteps nourish,
And happy hushing things, — my Dream shall flourish.

"HOW MUCH THOU GIVEST ME."

How much thou givest me, O gentle maid,
Yet in sweet parley givest me the grace.
Lo, beauties which demand a royal place ;
Behold the virtues all in thee displayed.

I name, then fondly dwell on them again ;
Of whom should lovers speak, with loving bent ?
I do but number each with sweet intent,
And ring sweet changes in the ears of men.

What music should I sing, and with what word ?
I nothing find in me which others give ;
So with my harp no other harp can live.
All harmony is thine, and no discord.
Having no strings with thy sweet name to jar,
So nothing can they make, so nothing mar.

"WE KNOW NOT."

We know not half the pretty prayer
Sigh or kiss hath given to air ;
Half the perfume of the wreath
Lays not on the wind's soft breath.

The creeper busy on the bower,
Hardly knew when fell the blossom ;
So calm and pure the tender hour,
Hardly heaved the gentle bosom.

The lark abroad in sun or sky
Rejoiceth there, nor thinks to fly ;
And while he pours the imprisoned notes,
Hardly knows the why he floats.

Soft, oh soft the waves shall close
O'er the wreck below their tides ;
The empty quiver never knows
Where the shuddering arrow flies.

Take my deep devotion, dear !
Tears were idle, if they fell ;
No claim I have to win thine ear, —
Trust the love I cannot tell.

MY FATHER.

Lo ! the almond tree doth flourish
Bright on age's cloudless hill ;
Songs of birds and maids him nourish,
Flows for him the unshrinking rill.
Sun and moon and stars him nourish,
And his door is open still !
None may count the loving tones
Thence he gives Thy little ones.

Father ! when each cherished token
Fades into eternity ;
When the silent chord hath spoken
Out its last notes full and free ;
When the golden bowl is broken, —
Guide the spirit pure to Thee !
He hath taken here good heed :
Be Thou with him in his need !

N A P O L E O N .

A WORLD thy bauble, and a world thine own !

And thou — alas, why would'st thou not be great ?
How small a target, but to mount a throne !

Could'st thou not love, and make a mighty fate ?
A continent, a child ? Love writes a living past,
And he alone who vastly loves is vast.

One name is written on the universe ;
Thine but emblazons France's greatest hearse !



N A P O L E O N

... and I have been
... the ... great?
... the ...
... the ...?
... the past.
...
...
... must learn



MEDALLIONS OF NAPOLEON. 

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MARIE LOUISE AT THE PETIT TRIANON.



FIG. 1. 1. 1.

THE PAVILION.

KINGS, near yon pavilion resplendent,
Feasted friend, and were slaughtered by foe ;
And here a crowned vision, transcendent,
Darkened dim 'mid the night of her woe,
When, Freedom, thy spirit ascendant,
Indignant left license below.

I T A L Y.

(1854.)

O ITALY ! who wearest
The Sibyl's wreath and charms,
And lorn and scrollèd bearest
Thy dead within thy arms, —

Soothsayer of past ages,
Cassandra of to-day ;
Unperishing thy pages,
In thy heart is thy decay.

In thy bosom where they lie
O'er thy lifeless children bow ;
Thine heritage are they,
All sad with treasures thou !

Where music fed old Time
In high Mæcenæ's home ;
Where Virgil polished rhyme,
In crushed Pompeii's tomb ;

Where Scipio, golden-hearted,
Where Cæsar's silver tongue,
In thy hall of the departed
Its deepest echoes rung ;

Where sleep, pale, fair, and deadly,
Treads soft thy golden plain,
And loving sunshine daily
Smiles silent all in vain ;

Where nations' woe and loss
Swelled high thy pageant pride ;
Where led the holy Cross
O'er Tiber's yellow tide ;

On Milan's terraced garden ;
In Florence' starry tower,
Where trod the church's warden
His little path of power ;

Where Etruria tearless stands,
Like Phidian Pallas shorn —
Weeps the robber on the hands
Whence the jewels he has torn ;

Where Como's magic glory
And pleading beauties play,
While Alpine mountains hoary
Her bidding hear, and stay, —

From South to furthest North
We seek thy fadeless charms ;
Thou lorn one holdest forth
Thy dead within thine arms !

APRIL 15, 1854.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHPLACE.

FOR A MEMORIAL MARBLE

IF e'er maternal love through tearful gloom
Smiled on a hope unburied in the tomb,
Here, with nor sackcloth vest, nor tresses torn,
Pause memory, where a nation's hope was born !



GEORGE WASHINGTON



GEORGE WASHINGTON

THE FIFTH

THE FIFTH

THE FIFTH

THE FIFTH
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THE FIFTH
THE FIFTH
THE FIFTH



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



MRS. WASHINGTON.

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R . L

THE CUP.

Put aside thy smaller state,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Work ! perchance thy God will give ;
Study thou with Him to live.
Other feet may tread the floor ;
Thou mayst stand without the door.
Waken then, O dreaming sleeper ;
Lepers dance, be thou the keeper.
If God say, " Still ! " — no will ajar.
Watch the wrestlers strong from far, —
Patient while the fiery fray
Others join, but thou shalt pray !
Courage high, and restless heart,
Urging love and friends apart ;
All to do and nothing done,
Having strength the race to run,
Bound, while treads the midday sun ;
Hopes half born, that die for one —
One without an answering smile ;
Griefs indulged that waste the while ;
Bitter thoughts that eat the soul, —
On God's altar lay the whole.
Thou shalt see the world go by,
Given and paid thy youth of joy ;

Gladness that shall never swell,
Woe incomprehensible.
Thou would'st be with God instead?
Eat thou of His daily bread !
Thou shalt be at one to-morrow,
Thou shalt not forget the sorrow, —
Badge of sorrow reconciled,
Type of love to suffering child.

RUSSIAN WOMAN.

THEY are gone, all gone, —
 I left in this world alone ;
 Far amid light they rove,
 In their boundless, happy love.
 They do not remember me,
 And He, the friend of the lonely,
 God has forgotten me.

I have known eyes that could love,
 Dumb things affection could move ;
 But the breast where I laid my head,
 And the hands that did cherish are dead.
 For me not their memory lives,
 Not a link to me survives.
 From the world of our common prayer
 And the bliss I never shall share, —
 I — I may not die !
 God has forgotten me.

I have seen smiles that were dead ;
~~Those~~ ^{the tears} ~~Those~~ that did greet me are ~~dead~~ ^{shed}.
 My eyes, they are dry in their bed,
 Withered and scorched for aye.
 But I — broken, lone — but I —
 God has forgotten me !

I have seen a hundred years ;
I have scattered a thousand fears ;
I have stifled sobs and tears ;
For he is a God who hears
The lone and the widowed cry.
Said I — poor I
 God hath forgotten me.

They tell of the one whom He on high
Keeps for the last beneath the sky ;
Now he is happier far than I ;
And I am lonelier than he can be, —
 God has forgotten me.

NATURE.

Lo ! where she lays the infant's patient charms
First in the wondering mother's yearning arms,
And half bewildered with successive bliss
Gives young maternity's first long-drawn kiss,

Doubtful of joy so new, the fount of health —
The first sweet marvel of her bosom's wealth,
The miser infant knows so well to find —
Startles with new delight her ravished mind.

See ! she would feast as grows each *lavished* charm ; *(ravished,*
So binds the frolic babe the mother's arm.
With rich abundance on his lip's soft joys,
Struggles the pretty prodigal, his choice,

Though closer held with sweetest petulance,
Rather to meet the smiles of love which glance
And chase each other, like the light of morn
On the ripe meadow where the breeze is born.

FRAGMENT.

THE burning blush which answers to his gaze,
The timid eye which sinks beneath his praise,
The glowing cheek which he hath dared to kiss,
The yielded hand which trembling rests in his,
The beating heart which throbs like prisoned dove,
Th' avoiding lip that will not speak its love,
The bending head he folds unto his breast,
The hopes and fears entwined on him that rest.

TO MRS. A—Z :

WITH FLOWERS, ON THE OPENING OF THE LECTURES
AT HER HOUSE.

At times the useful by our side may sleep,
If holy beauty wake, her ward to keep ;
The dews of morn, the fragrant prayer of even,
Alike from flowers as fruit ascend to heaven.
Say whose the smile that hails, when scribes reprove,
The costly perfume, fraught with human love ?
Oh royal lily, — whose the patient eye
Which felt the charming of your rich array ?
And who, with gentle pity, ever ours,
Gave teeming earth her garniture of flowers ?
The herd, the veined ore, the golden grove,
The subject sea, were not enough for Love !

L A R K.

LAPPED in still air, she rests upon the light,
Nor stirs the rapid wing which won her flight ;
Then, hovering, stoops near woven flags to be,
Where rest her nestlings by the frigid sea ;
If safe the birdies in the mother's ken,
With slant wing on the air to rise again.

"IF LOVE."

IF LOVE be love let love be light ;
Love is worthless, aught concealed ;
Love exacteth nothing back,
So we love, else love doth lack.

OCTOBER.

How calm, how clear the sense of sight,
When hushed the day's discordant sound ;
The hillside shades the sheltered light,
While twilight closes chill around.

How fixed the bounds of earth and sky,
How firm the waving outlines flow ;
And shorn awhile of needless ray,
The round and painted moon runs low

One little foot beneath her frock,
The child sits, weary half, half cold ;
Her tender arms the checkered cloak
With tightening grasp about her fold.

Ungraceful age, with stiffened gait,
Rests from unpleasing deeds of good ;
Man will not love, and dares not hate,
The angel of the dusty road.

With dresses stained and aprons full,
The shrinking babes are called and come ;
One rosy hand the mother pulls,
The other holds the hidden plum.

The turkeys with unwonted weight
Crowd with loud life th' unwilling tree.
Puss seeks the house, 't is almost night,
And lo ! the hearth's first fagot burns for me.

THE POPE'S BENEDICTION.

UPON a throne self-moving,
Of purple and of gold,
Lo ! slowly glides, 'mid incense clouds,
A hoary man and old.

Where stands that aged monarch,
Earth's proudest had their birth ;
In Southern skies, above him swells
The proudest dome of earth.

Oh, glorious deeds had hallowed
In every age that shore ;
And ignorance crowned sinned woful sins,
Her soil was drunk with gore.

There amid heathen darkness,
There where th' apostle trod,
Man life and hopes had offered up
For country and for God !

There on holy victims' anguish
A tyrant had looked down ;
There the Roman had refused
There the martyr sought a crown.

Oh still, Thou guiding God,
All knowing yet all kind,
Look gently on imperfect good,
With pity on the blind.

Bless, not this mighty pile
Raised by the toil of years,
But this blood-drenched and hallowed soil,
Thine by its woe, love, tears !

For tears have here effaced
Dread deeds in darkness done,
And many a smile of holy light
Here streamed on sinners won !

Bless, through that old man's lips,
The many-fated crowd ;
Bless woe and love, bless fear and joy,
The wedding garb and shroud.

1844.

A ROYAL TRAIN.

A FUNERAL train of royal pomp
Passed where a stately barge was moored ;
To swell its grandeur, blood-drenched earth,
From all her haunts her millions poured.

How France had decked that idol form,
And knelt before the God she made !
But now her gaping artisans
Revere the pomp, but not the Shade.

They mocked each minor fault of taste,
They criticised the funeral car ;
But read not how the moral ran,
When smote the mighty man of war !

Hath France's glowing heart no pulse,
To falter when the loved are low ?
In France is pity's passion hushed, —
It heaves not at the signs of woe ?

Within her noble city's walls,
I paused beside two little biers ;
And all the train was love and woe,
And throbbing hearts, and flowing tears.

Each head was bare, each heart was still,
Before the desolate and lone, —
Where passed this sad funereal train,
This majesty of Nature's own.

For aye where stricken woe is found,
Our God hath planted balm to heal ;
So everywhere, oh ! everywhere,
Are hearts to pity and to feel.

WILDCAT FALLS.

MOAT MOUNTAIN on thy witchery looks down,
The Giant Stairs above thee chill the day,
Twin-brother floods look up to Washington,
And I sit loving every golden ray.

Bright, restless, shooting rays, by light embossed,
Curled from young silver-birches on thy wave,
In golden woof, like arrowy serpents crossed,
Till half I shrink their chasing play to brave.

Upon these quivering chords the waters thin
Play to the pilgrim's ear a softened song,
Ceaseless and full ; now pause, and, peering in,
Send human grace where Nature's beauties throng.

See, lost, the mighty forests upward climb
The awful mount which vision's self doth bound,
Whose hoary grandeur swells in silent hymn,
Filling yon path of blue without a sound, —

Watching the while upon its witching way
Each petulant wavelet dance below unchecked,
Through broad rocks all its own, with varied play,
With broken wreath, and moss, and shadows decked.

On many an angle sharp, like singing bird
Springing from perch to perch, it leaps and sings ;
From coigne to "coigne of vantage " it is heard,
As young canaries on new-glittering wings.

Now, first imprisoned, changed from frolic child,
With fearful bound of wrath the narrowed stream —
An angry panther in a hunt as wild —
Gains, gleaming round and white, its Wildcat name.

Now swollen and chafing at dear genial rains,
It spreads, and fills its shelving bed, and roars
With fall on fall I count anew in vain.
Of fairest mountain haunts, — farewell, O fairest
shores.

"I OWN I DID NOT."

I own I did not say those words
Too deeply felt, "Remember me ;"
I wandered, Effie, but to seek
This little gold I prized for thee.
I went self-bound, I left thee free ;
But my hand trembled, tears would flow.
Was there a word, then, dearest love,
Could tell thee aught thou did'st not know?
I will not, may not blame thee, Effie,
Because my worship could not move ;
I weep not, but I ne'er will look
In other face for other love.
There is no glance in other eye
To call an answering beam in mine,
It was so trained in former days
To watch the light of thine !
And has, then, yearning love no sphere,
Nought in the very air,
A spirit-mansion freed from earth,
That souls may mingle there ?
I do not bring reproaches, love ;
Nay, break not thou that lingering spell.

Give me that little name of "Love,"
Till I have said farewell.
I know — I know another arm
Around thy form must twine,
And I have heard thou wilt be wed
To other fate than mine.
And I have come to say to thee
Much I would thou should'st know,
Of many, many things, but oh,
All, all forgotten now !
Yet do not think I came to tear
My Effie from her chosen one.
No ! let him keep the hand thou gav'st,
And prize the heart he won.
Nay ! hoard it, — watch the priceless gem
Like miser o'er his store.
He was more fitting mate for thee,
But will not prize thee more.
Yet he hath wealth and virtues high ;
Blest with him may'st thou live.
My little store it could not cope
With all that he can give.

f 2 2 6

"I BRING THEE."

I BRING thee only tender fears,
Unwonted sighs I cannot quell, —
No burning words ! for starting tears
Unwilling check what love would tell ;
Yet hope, still hope ! for still that smile
Can timid hope restore to me,
And, chasing doubt, leave fear awhile ;
Too blest and trembling, love, to flee !

Lo ! to her nest with ceaseless care
The stork to guard her children flies ;
Soon, borne by them through ambient air,
She cleaves with fearless joy the skies.
In such sweet hope, fond love hath hung
Within thy heart her darling nest,
To nurture there the wingèd young
Shall waft her to her home of rest !

"BY THE CLOSED PORTAL."

By the closed portal, with the flaming sword,
 Stood the sad angel, strong to keep the way ;
And every way it turned before the Lord ;
 And he stood watching, faithful, day by day.

To guard the tree, wide-spreading tree of life,
 An angel's might was not enough alone ;
Oh, who shall arm thy feeble strength, young wife, *girlish*
 Placed at the open gate before His throne !

Thine the long watch, to keep the way and ward ;
 Faithful, untired, to guard each spray and flower ;
Thy need is twofold of the flaming sword,
 Which every way must turn, and every hour.

Love in its fullest power, alone, must fail.
 Angel, elect for that young heart and soul, —
God place within thine hands his armor all ;
 Helm, shield, rod, staff ; god arm thee with the whole !

PHILLIP SIDNEY COOLIDGE.

"Somne veni; quamquam certissima mortis imago;
Consortem cupis te tamen esse tui
Huc ades, haud abiture cito; nam sic sine vita
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori."

From MELEAGER.

"COME hither, Sleep! sure image thou of Death;
Yet be my bosom guest, nor quickly fly:
Ah, stay! to thee how sweet to yield the breath,
Live without life, and without death to die!"

A Grecian's hope! More blest, mid stars divine,
On arts, on arms, shall sweet philosophy,
Sidney! inscribe a name so justly thine;
Living, to live indeed, and dying, not to die!

MAY 7, 1865.

“AND ASK YE.”

AND ask ye what within us echoes ocean's roar,
When teeming earth holds nought our own — our own ;
When the worn spirit finds response no more ?
Desolate ocean hath but one wild moan,
And each hoarse-dashing surge that smites the shore,
Bears the unchanging cry, — alone ! alone !

"HO! WATCHMEN."

Ho ! watchmen of the starry host,
Ye tell of double stars that boast
 A crimson morn and verdant eve.
Give me — I will not count the cost —
The coming of our paler sun,
His smiles of welcome, one by one,
 His parting tears at eve.
Ye say, 'mid yon unfathomed vault —
Dim and indefinite as thought,
 While here unknown we grieve —
Are new-born stars with bliss o'erfraught.
I would not seek their radiant spheres ;
Give me the hope, all sweet with fears,
Give me the bliss that 's washed with tears,
 Bright morn and weeping eve !
Tears are the incense of the wise !
That bridge of light which spans the skies,
 They raise its rainbow arch.
We turn from where the sun doth rise,
Ere we can see its wildering rays ;
On radiant clouds we upward gaze,
 To guide our heavenward march.

[This was a singular example of mental action in great suffering, which the will was powerless to check.]

THE OIL-SHIP ON FIRE.

STILL but gleaming was the shore ;
Ships of war, at war no more,
Boomed their sullen sunset roar,
At Marseilles.

Battle-ships of every flag —
None like our gallant rag,
On our Wabash and our Stag —
Sleep at will.

But at midnight burst aloud,
With heavy fire and cloud,
On the city like a shroud,
One ship on fire ;
And the city, still with fear,
Pressed her shores, afar and near,
A dark mass, with horror drear,
And no word !

In that pile of oil and flame
Shall the brave, with never a name,
And the city's marble frame,
Pass away ?

Lo, they hold their breath for awe ;
As one boat, all manned, they saw
Pull out, with no hurrah,
 Ten — a score !

By Alden's dread command,
Straight to that blazing brand,
Swift, as to welcome land,
 Stars and Stripes, they go !
Still, but gleaming was the bay ;
Blows scuttling, as she lay,
And the word to "pull away,"
 Could be heard.

From stem to stern all lashed,
Columbia's boatmen, hushed,
Pull ! and, following, out she rushed,
 The burning pile !
Then came the mighty cheer,
From the town benumbed with fear,
For homes, wives, and children dear,
 Saved that hour !

WOMAN IN A ZULU TENT.

I HAVE borne you, I have nourished ;
How the dear head I have cherished, —
 I am sitting at it now, — ah me !
I have broke your bridal cake, dear,
Loved your darling for your sake, dear ;
 I have cradled you and yours, — ah me !

Your children are around me,
And their tender arms have bound me ;
 Your dear babies, — where are you? ah me !
When I led your pattering steps, darling,
When I kissed your eyes and lips, darling,
 Oh, the heavens had no cloud for me.

Your own bride has gone before, dear,
And I know your heart was sore, dear :
 But who shall watch the day for me?
I shall have no more alarms, dear ;
But I bore you in my arms, dear,
 And I'm seated at your head, — ah me !

"AT FORTY."

At forty, Life's garland is faded,
The freshness and glory are o'er ;
But sixty fulfils manhood's promise,
Enjoys, and is ready for more.

At forty, comes wisdom with teachings,
Life is tasted, and vanity left ;
At sixty, man feels life a blessing,
Renewing the blessings bereft.

One can't but be saddened at forty, —
Youth can never again be enjoyed ;
But everything 's richer at sixty,
In the now, with no future annoyed.

With cigars, my dear Jerome, at forty,
On a chair slowly linger the hours ;
But the world 's bright and rapid at sixty,
And love makes the other one ours.

JUNE, 1871.

MUSIC.

To J. K. P.

SWEET as the harp that gave to morn her tone,
Responsive to the touch of light alone, —
Its chords so well a nation loved of old,
That Memnon's strains to them were fabled gold, —
Pure as the infant drops in mountain-cleft,
Cool as the glittering night by sunshine left ;
Cool as the ripple of the thousand rills,
Ere spent in vapor o'er the far ravine ;
As waving leaflets new-born on the hills,
When May enwreaths far Conway's icy sheen ;
Chill as the horror of the prophet's dream, —
Ice torrents, dry nurse of fair Arno's stream,
To wild Arveiron wedded and divorced,
Their waters hoarse in parting channels forced ;
Or soft as lakelet on her pebbled bed,
Of swelling rivers through the unfailing head ;
Or pulses of the happy girl unwon,
Whose bliss is full, 'mid groves and flowers and sun, —
Music divine with light doth flash and thunder,
And roll, pause, rise, a harmony of wonder,
Such streams of love entwine, and sobbing sunder.

YOUTH.

POURED freshly from the mountain's breast,
In troubled light the streamlet flows,
And seeks, ere long, its wild unrest
Deep in the valley's heart to lose.

All vainly for repose it hies
To hush its trembling silvery sound ;
The prisoned billows burst in sighs,
The watching hills stand silent round !

LOVE.

OH, man can seek the downward glance,
Each murmured word, affection's spell ;
Eye, voice, its value can enhance,
For eye can speak and tongue can tell.

But woman's love, it waits the while
To echo to another's tone ;
To linger on another's smile,
Ere dare to answer with its own.

"MID FROST THAT BLIGHTS."

MID frost that blights and storm that rends,
When wandering tears forget to stray,
Wan memory shall forget the friends
That soothed her on her dreary way.
And when, no more, tears ache in the detaining eye,
And earth is heaven, shall memory in oblivion die.

MEMORY.

LONG hope ! hard treasury of woe,
Sad echo, sorrow to recall,
Fate ! brightest fate to meet, and know
Man's luxury, and woman's all !

Come not to me, oh, not to me,
In moonlight glory, as of yore ;
To quiver over ocean's way,
Shine, fade, and shine for me no more.

With such a spell may woman cope
For smiles too fond, too chilled for tears,
How can such fear be timid hope,
Such trembling hope be aught but fear ?

WOMAN'S AFFECTION.

How varied, strange, how all unfit,
The deepest love of wayward man,
For that soft shrine, all inly lit,
Whose flame the winds quench not, nor fan !

On myrtle bough hangs woman's harp
Of trembling chords ; it quivers o'er
Love's careless sleep. Oh, if it break,
Who shall its harmony restore !

"O LADY MUCH BELOVED."

[The departure of Mrs. — was prevented by her unexpected death.]

O LADY, much beloved and much revered,
Half consecrated form, to all endeared
Even by those tears which cease awhile to flow,
Before thy still, unutterable woe.

Go, greet that island bride with saddened eye,
Whose being, formed for softened melody,
Might make the flowers and birds of tropic isle
The sweeter for her voice, and fairer for her smile.

Go, with thy pallid treasures, from our sight ;
Go, breathe the freshness of a genial sky ;
Go, bathe before us in the morning's light ;
Go ! we shall bless the ray which cheers thine eye.

For ye might gaze on the unveiled sun,
Nor eye nor conscience shrinking from his gaze ;
Fair forms, whose purity ere early noon
Has taught a world the lustre of its grace.

For virtue lendeth woe her majesty,
Where giant temptings pass, and leave no trace ;
Pass all unknown, so pure the sinless soul, —
Come all unfelt, so firm the fine control.

Ah, no ! thy spirit lingered on our shore,
From these dear sands with deathless love to soar ;
Love over death and sin that conquering strove, —
She bore that love itself to kindred love.

The storm-tossed dove ! rough branches frayed her
nest ;
What rest of bliss was ever like thy rest ?
And we, who stood where strife and sorrow cease,
Half smiling said, " What peace is like thy peace ? "

THE EVENING WALK.

OLD friends were they, the hour was still,
And glad the light along the blue,
And soft the cloud that gathering flew
In breathing shadows on the hill.

A man and woman, long-time friends :
Yet neither spake and neither heard
The murmur of the whispered word
Which heart to heart in music sends.

For almost each slow life had passed
Without event, with little note ;
Souls innocent, though souls remote,
On each, life surely smiled at last.

No light stole out of either heart,
To tell of simple joy the tale ;
No weary woe with terror pale
Had either wrenched from hope apart.

Each saw a vision, always one,
Familiar in its faded frame,
Unshared, nor known by mortal name ;
Each walked that daily path alone.

SHARING AT GLOUCESTER.

BEAMS soft the ^{twilight} sunlight sea,
Stars fixed thereon ;
The smile is thine, I say
Oh, take thine own.

Thou art so good, I cry,
Breeze softly sighing, go, —
His canvas gently swell,
Soft round him flow !

Where shrieks the whistling air,
And cliffs are dim,
Give me the fond despair,
Breathe soft on him !

When evening's tender rain
Falls ever fresh and free,
Ah, be not harsh, I pray,
Or stay with me.

When from the golden cloud
Half tearful smiles the sun,
Go, balmy brightness, go
To him alone.

Why dazzling morn, so fair,
Alone for me?
Ah, take each ray, for thus
I 'd share with thee!

A VISION OF LES MONS DESERTS.

LES MONS DESERTS ! the wild and savage heights
 For which Du Thet and Guercheville sued and prayed,
 New in thy youth, yet old in storied strand ;
 Grand as the lurid dawn ; yet passing fair,
 As shattered tempest, when the quivering world
 Is tearful sunshine. Other forms divine
 Affection may recall, nor love forget.
 Thou art too rich for memory ! Pausing
 She lingers daintily on stream and shore,
 On upheaved granite, or on beach half whelmed,
 On forest range, lake, isle, and sunny sea ;
 But sea, cove, mountain, cave, and precipice,
 In fine perspective, crowd her pictured page,
 Her galleries throng in vain. No absent thought
 This varied beauty's rapture can restore ;
 Shadowed as long farewells, and bright as hope.
 Infinite Circe ! even the heart bewitched
 And maddened with thy loveliness, *swift changing*
 With jealous longing, asks no other eye
 Gazing, to know how wilderly fair !
 Time cannot dim thy changeful fantasies,
 Soft clustering, manifold as Nature's self.
 Over thy charms new woe is half disarmed ;

The showers of night enhance thy melodies ;
 The mists of morn lend more majestic grace ;
 Still evening's shadows soften every vale ;
 Noon cannot mar their matchless drapery.
 Sleep may assume the weary tramp of day,
 What matter if, amid the pallid folds
 Of her uneasy couch, thy still reflex,
 Entrancing loveliness of dell and shore, —
 Of mount and mist, of rock and tinted cave,
 Of tossing silence and of tumult hushed, —
 Unfolds upon her long and wearied dream,
 Changeless, yet shifting with a thousand shades ?
 Fresh still for her each brown and rocky shore,
 More rich in coloring than Salvator's dyes ;
 Each white and flitting sail, light sketched
 On blackened cliff ; beneath, some laughing crew ;
 Each curving sweep of shore, of roughest shore,
 Yet outlined daintily as Hogarth's lines ;
 Each rocky summit bold, where manhood cowers ;
 Or wide horizon ~~flecked~~ with crimsoned seas *fringed*
 And thousand isles dark tossing in their tides ;
 Or vaulted precipice wide flecked with foam,
 Each clambering group of mountains, fold on fold !
 Still spreads the storied harbor, forest-crowned ;
 Where triumph hung on Gilbert's martyred lips,
 Whence learned the savage tuneful words of peace !
 Hark ! the reposing lake, long-drawn, is hoarse,
 Where, beating heavy wings, the eagle, calm,
 Slow-sailing, sends defiance down the gorge.
 Go ! dreamer of day-dreams by day and night,

Go, wander near the cove, where sad Gregoire
 Urged France's baptism on a land new-born ;
 Urged, and Columbia heard, ay, heard the world.
 Go, wafted through a triad century,
 Even to the lighted arch where royal ears
 At Guercheville's palace-gate heard royal words, —
 The lips that spake them hushed before his own !
 Guercheville ! revered till awful honor dies.
 She blessed that raging tide, she spread the sail,
 Dowered with a world, she counts that world but loss.
 She lifts God's cross, and feeds his little ones /
 Now o'er the sleeper's head the tide-rent cliff !
 Down topples once again the rock, long fallen !
 'The pillars grand slide from the sloping roof,
 And awful surges close upon the cave !
 Now chants the plashing of the moonlit wave,
 And restless heavings prompt to soft repose ;
 Now, like the Indian ghosts which fill thy wastes,
 The flashing, broken sunset tints upheave.

NOTE. — Read Madame de Guercheville's magnificent reception of King Henry, from which she herself escaped. As maid of honor to Marie de Medici she received a noble recognition,—the gift, never realized, of all America. She sent the colony to the Mons Deserts.

THE SHOALS.

O MOANING islands of the sobbing sea,
Fierce lullaby of voiceless history ;
Low, lonely sepulchres and sinful marts,
More sad than silence of thy broken hearts.
How full the light on thy mysterious shore,
Veiling the story of its stormy past ;
More full the varied whispering, o'er and o'er,
Of famine, pirates, wrecks, — life, law, and hope o'er-
cast.

Learning, religion, wealth, or prize or bane,
Prompt to thy rescue, pledged themselves in vain.

Upon thy ruined threshold judgment stands,
Her fearful plough hath left thee barren all ;
Thy fields are teeming graves and winnowing sands.
Oh, not enriched by love, unblest by toil,
One red, red rose, on thy unshadowed soil,
Weeps on those nameless graves, thy solemn harvest-
hall !

Wreck of the further past ! Thy sounding shore
Met the first pilgrim on our ancient strand ;
Still past thy hollow vaults and sea-worn door,

Their human freight unprized the nations pour,
Where history sleeps along a silent land ;
Or — cliffs and caverned earth, her sculptured page —
Tells her strange, ceaseless tale, from misty age to age.

1875.

NOTE. — The legislation of England, engulfing Colonial commerce, enforcing a slavery against which Massachusetts constantly protested, and absorbing to herself the industry which supplied our simplest wants, is responsible for a disease of crime which the stern development of New England was needed to purify.

THE ABBEY CLIFF AT MOUNT DESERT.

Lo ! the shore, where Aubin, wandering
Amid mountains, lone and lost,
Saw huge ocean laboring, thundering,
Carve, with Time, the mighty coast.

Bursting there, the surf tremendous,
Ever, on the awful height,
Leaves a sculptured cliff stupendous,
Fearful 'mid noon's fiercest light.

When the moonlit tides receding
Shrink from arch and vault and tower,
Gathering fears the breath impeding,
Shuddering mark the oppressive hour.

Heavy cliff and cloister solemn,
Long recess and depth of shade,
Swooping roof and lonely column,
Stand in awful gloom arrayed.

198 *ABBEY CLIFF AT MOUNT DESERT.*

Matchless cliff ! thy grand, romantic
Phantasy unnatural,
Shadows forth a race gigantic
Haunting shadowy abbey walls.

Near thy shore, pale Aubin fainting
Far mid mountains left and lost,
Roamed, with wandering fancy painting
All the future's mightier coast.

Visions on his senses creeping,
Phantoms of a coming Rome ;
Ruins upon ruins heaping,
Sod on sod, and tomb on tomb.

Heavily in awful motion
Cloisters grand and arches high,
Mirrored saw on tided ocean
Starlit in a second sky.

Mid mosses, forest deep, he traces
Quivering paths in passing clouds,
Pompeian streets with ashen faces,
Amphoræ hid in veiling shrouds.

This the temple fair De Guercheville
Ideal framed for future time ?
Virtues rare, averting peril,
Shield her in her own bright clime !

ABBEY CLIFF AT MOUNT DÉSERT. 199

Sinks the night's high noon of glory, —
Peerless Dian she of France !
Dawns a later day of ~~glory~~, — *story*
Sad Gregoire, arise, advance !

Daughter, bless the martyred fathers,
Carve their broken cross of turf ;
Lo, Acadian graves she gathers,
With a tale from every surf.

Till the splendors of creation
Etch thy tale, superb Du Thet !
Vanquished victor, and thy nation
Writes thy death's triumphant day.

Before high Nature, grand, Titanic,
Sufferings, silenced, half expire —
Vultures, in her fierce volcanic
Day of smoke and night of fire.

THE APPROACH TO LONDON OF ALEX-
ANDRA OF DENMARK.

A vision not a vision. And a cry, —
“Denmark !” A softened cloud too thin for tears,
Strong waves of cries ! too deep to hear with ears ;
Voice and no utterance ! A Niagara ! I
Float on confused sound.

The Present, all too full for thought to speak,
Calls on the Past, whose speech is all too thick.
Rivers pour teachings forth, and shores
Babble, oh, tales on tales ! and Julian's towers
Call from their depths profound !

Harold and William and the martyred twins,
The woful weary Annes, the saddened queens ;
The Temple now, with chattering banners weird, —
Leave the prone statues dumb ! with cheers be cheered.
Lo, the chill skies rain flowers !

Calls the far future on the Danish Rose !
But high the surge of ages heaves and flows ;
Behold ! where listening waters, whispering, foam,
Looms the dim Abbey. Lo, thy meed and home,
Its welcome some dark hour !

Call voices that thou canst not choose but hear,
Yon blackened pile hath shadowy summoners drear ;
Stirs seven-spoused Hal to see the pageant by ?
Snatch then a welcome from young Edward nigh,
For thou art chill with fear.

Yet witching fair was one, and triple crowned,
A fearful neighbor hath Eliza found,
And shudders, dreaming, at her martyred mate.
Wakes Mary, marvelling at her couch of state,
Not such they spread her bier !

Nay, rest thee, fairest brow e'er sad with crown,
O Fancy's dearest child, and Scotland's own !
Sleep, lest the vision of a form so dread
Benumb thee to a waking woe instead, —
Oro ! genuflectendo !

Yet England writeth History's richest page,
Rich with recorded crime. The heroic age
Shares with the Persian, Egypt, Russ, the Greek ;
Would any tongue but hers the story speak,
Nor speak by innuendo.

France had her Cæsar, her deliverer ;
 Empires with mighty fear have looked on her ;
 When England trembles, woe for captive thrones !
 She knew to hold while nations threw their stones,
 When fell this modern Roman.

Yet, Lady, England hath a heritage, —
 Minds great, pure, loyal ; hearts with “ noble rage ; ”
 Our own, hers, thine, — and thine a golden name ;
 So thou lie down among them, fair in fame,
 Resting a holy woman !

SEALED ORDERS.

[During our war a Russian fleet lay at Mount Desert, with sealed orders.]

LAST ALEXANDER, great with so much good,
Who, without guide, unprophesied, alone,
Savior of laden millions, to the sun
Lifted thy heavy denizens, and stood,

And there was light ! Followed uprushing crime
And storm electric ; fiery air was flame,
Flame all around thee ! This thy meed of fame,
Brother of sorrow, nine times crownèd name !

True friend, thine augur-brow watched at our need,
Our ferny cliffs below ; thy mottled eaglets wrestling,
Self-poised, thy sealèd words beneath them nestling,—
Mid scathèd forest arms thy fierce doves feed !

Gone for another world, with orders sealed,
We mourn thee, Emperor, Czar, yet only man.
Rent from thine Eastern world, and little span,
God's pity take His child, God's pardon shield !

ALONE.

If her eye had been bright, it was faded,
The mirth, not the welcome, was gone ;
Her hair, if once golden, was shaded,
And coifed, not with wreaths, but with lawn,
Whispering, " O my love, my love ! "

Her lip, if it once was beguiling,
Not less pure nor less eloquent now ;
Not less on dear friends it was smiling ;
Yet when still matched her patience of brow,
Sighing, " O my love, my love ! "

Worn, worn was the form so light bending,
Each gesture of languor was worn ;
Short sorrow is love never ending,
Short strife, when the poor heart is torn,
Murmuring, " O my love, my love ! "

When softened, fell sudden her even ;
Her Father asked nothing she knew, —
for Only one ~~from~~ our earth gave up heaven, —
One sad ray, not one sunset hue,
Praying, “ O my love, my love ! ”

Our God, in Love's new birth delighting,
Knows the harvest laid down at his call ;
Unveils in soft heavens, inviting
Her love, hope, remembrance, her all !
Yearning, “ O my love, my love ! ”

AUTUMN.

EARTH laughs no longer on the glancing Spring,
But veils her matron features in their prime ;
The birds of passage flap the sudden wing,
As Nature lures them to a fairer clime.

The vigorous season, rich with fruits mature,
Sighs not with kissing of the Summer's bloom ;
Glad Amalthea hangs his painted bower,
Then sportive hides amid the empurpled gloom.

The hours, young houris, twirl the gaudy leaf,
The golden letters of Time's ripened lore ;
And man, the gleaner, more with hope than grief,
Lingers to con the varied lesson o'er.

Winter shall bring sweet sleep that's loved of heaven,
And over earth his sheltering mantle fling ;
Like cherub forms shall watch the stars of even,
Till love awake her to another Spring.

Some comet, airy ghost of Pleiad lost,
Softly upon her dreams, like morning dew,
Shall come and go, sweet vision of the past,
And man and Nature smile in Youth anew !

TRANSLATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

TRANSLATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS.

TRANSLATED FROM GAUTIER.

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
Which, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

POPE.

FROM farthest infinite, earth rushes with the Night,
To face the grand quadrangle of the skies. With
spear
And belt, Orion, mid her sombre shades austere,
Perseus, Aldebaran, Sirius, pour majestic light.

Blazing, behold, among innumerable stars,
Enormous Jupiter, whose month outweighs our year ;
And heavy-girdled Saturn rolls his cumbered sphere,
And Venus, all of gold, and saffron-tinted Mars.

Sealed on each solemn star, the doom of man is told,
Bliss-breathing Jupiter, Mars surly, headstrong, bold,
Venus voluptuous sweet, and Saturn's chill repose.

For me, my star is blue, and shines in midday, near
One deaf to every sigh of love, one gentle ear
Amid the heaven-adored, whose blush is trembling rose.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

VICTOR HUGO.

WHAT matters, heart, a royal birth,
And shouts of victory, nothing worth,
And bells that clang afar,
Our God to praise in pompous dress,
The city's giddy wakefulness
To crown with fiery stars?

Oh wait, poor heart, alone on God !
There 's vanity in glory's sod,
And grandeur in unrest ;
The crown, the mitre, gleam and fall,
The blade of grass is worth them all
Which lines the swallow's nest.

The loftier hall, the wider risk ;
The cannon strikes the obelisk,
But not the ringdove's home.
The kings are ever gods by death ;
Crown yields to cross ; their dying breath
God's temple paves with tombs.

What splendid domes and haughty towers, —
Napoleon's, Cæsar's, Mahomet's powers, —
 All, all shall pass away —
Abyss sublime which thought confounds ;
A foot of ground, a still profound,
 Above, such clamorous day !

THE INFANT'S EVENING PRAYER.

"DOMINE !"

They pray for us ! the children pray.
O mothers, let them offer still
The holy spell which guards our way
From joy unblest, from trembling ill.

"Adoro !"

Entreat for us, O white-robed choir,
Sweet echo of the cherub's song,
Stealing with twilight's softened fire,
The shadowed homes of earth along.

"Imploro !"

Entreat for us ! The children pray !
O claspèd hands ! O stainless feet !
Their orisons, as sinks the day,
Hallow the town's unhallowed street.

"Ut libera nos !"

Entreat for us ! The night, all love,
Sees wandering feet and spreading snare :
As sleeps beneath his wing the dove,
So lull our evil in your prayer ;

Entreat for us !

"Libera nos !"

"O WHISPERED SIGHS."

O whispered sighs
Of holiest tone,
O sweet surprise
Of music's own !

My child has prayers
For all men's sin,
And I no heart
To pray for mine.

O, answer hers,
Ye host divine,
And bid her pray
Alone for mine !

For oh the cry
Which then befell, —
Of half a world
Perchance the knell, —

Might rouse in me
Words heard above
For others' woes, —
One prayer of love !

So answer hers,
Ye host divine,
And bid her pray
Alone for mine.

V. HUGO.

SWALLOWS.

In the pool the raindrops bubble ;
 Swallows, on the roof-tree old,
 Sage consult upon their trouble :
 " This is winter — oh, how cold ! "

Gather, gather thousand martins,
 Wisely pondering, one and all :
 " Oh, how pleasant now in Athens,
 Chattering on the outer wall ! "

" Every year I go and settle
 Where, upon the Parthenon,
 Pouting homes in shot-holes nestle,
 Metopes puff with callow down."

Another cries : " I have my chamber
 High in Smyrna's shadowy piles ;
 See the hadji smoke his amber,
 Down where Syria's sunshine smiles."

"On a triglyph rough I balance
In the Temple of Baalbec,"
Chirps a fifth ; "by clinging talons,
O'er my pets with gaping beak."

"At the Cataract of the Nile,"
Screams the last, "I rest my wing,
Well I know that hole the while
In the neck of a granite king."

VICTOR HUGO.

À UNE FEMME.

ENFANT ! si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire,
Et mon char, et mon sceptre, et mon peuple à genoux,
Et ma couronne d'or, et mes bains de porphyre,
Et mes flottes, à qui la mer ne peut suffire
Pour un regard de vous !

Si j'étais Dieu, — la terre, et l'air avec les ondes,
Les anges, les démons, courbés devant ma loi,
Et le profond chaos aux entrailles fécondes,
L'éternité, l'espace, et les cieux et les mondes,
Pour un baiser de toi !

VICTOR HUGO.

LOVE ! were I a king, I'd give my throne,
The sceptre of a kneeling world,
Empire, and royal baths and crown,
And sails for want of sea-room furled,
For but one glance !

Were I a God, earth, air, and sea,
Angels and demons all submiss,
Chaos and far futurity,
Space, universe, eternity,
For one, one kiss !

"O'ER THE DÆDALIAN ARK."

O'ER the Dædalian ark, when loud winds roared,
And heaving ocean overwhelmed with dread
The mother's heart, then burst the struggling tear ;
More close round Perseus twined her sheltering arm.
"What misery," she cried, "is mine, while thou
Slumberest in infant innocence, my child ;
Slumberest how calmly, in this drear abode,
This cell dim-lighted through its brazen bands, —
These shadowy horrors. O'er thy clustering hair
The wild surge dasheth, moistening not one curl ;
Thou hearest not the raging of the wind,
All nestled in thy little purple cloak ;
How beautiful ! thus placid in repose.
But could'st thou feel my sorrows, oh, how quick
Were thy young ear to Danaë's murmurs ! Rest,
Dear infant, still ! Sleep booming sea, sleep too !
And sleep, oh sleep, immeasurable woe !
Change, mighty Jove, — bold as my love the prayer, —
Change thou my fate, and spare, oh spare my child,
And oh, for his sake, spare thy Danaë ! "

SALEM, 1831.

SONG.

SWEET lily, like a gleaming gem,
Why should I tear thee from the stem?
For whom, my mother, ah, for whom?
My mother slumbers in her tomb.

For whom, my sister? Ah, she fled
To sleep beneath a foreign bed.
For whom, beloved? Thou art far,
And absent years, — ah, years in war.

I weep alone on mother's tomb,
And gather lilies, ah, for whom?
For whom, my mother, ah, for whom?
My mother slumbers in her tomb!

WEALTH WITHOUT MEASURE.

HAD I now, had I now,
 An emperor's treasure,
What I'd buy, love, I know,
 With my wealth without measure.

I would buy, love, the lands
 On our brook's grassy brink,
And plant with my hands
 Roses, pansies, and pinks !

Then I'd buy, love, you know, —
 With a world for my dower, —
I'd buy you, love ! and you
 Might work with me at flowers.

"OR EVER HE COMETH."

Or ever he cometh the morn will be gone,
Or ever he waketh the matin bird flown !
The moonlight will come and the sunlight will go,
And my heart will be fuller and fuller of woe.

Or ever he cometh the night will be gone,
Or ever he cometh the matin bird flown ;
Mid the fragrance of evening, light passeth away,
And the moon it is dawning, the moon of my day.

Or ever he cometh the night will be on,
Or ever he cometh the matin bird flown ;
Ah, the moonlight and sunlight are passing away,
And the cold dew of evening 's the death of the day.

"ADIEU."

ADIEU, loved land of memory,
Beautiful France !
Dear nurse of earliest infancy,
Adieu, France !

Adieu, adieu, youth's brightest day ;
This bark, which breaks life's dearest ties,
Has borne, has borne but half away,
The rest is thine ; wilt thou not prize
The gift, dear France, and love the token ?
I leave it with thy faithful heart,
To mind thee of that other part
Gone from thee, — severed, broken !

1828.

MARIE STUART.

SICILIAN LULLABY.

AH, mother's trouble, mother's joy,

Mother's joy.

What can she do, dear baby boy,

Baby boy?

Hark ! hear what Sleep says, " Is the baby dreaming ? "

Darling, breathe low ! close, little eyes, bright beaming !

My beautiful, my sweetest bunch of roses, —

My own, my golden gem ! Thy dear eye closes,

Closes.

"AT LIFE'S GAY FEAST."

At life's gay feast
A mournful guest
 I come, and disappear ;
On earth's chill breast
I sink to rest,
 And who shall shed a tear?

"FORGET, IF THOU."

FORGET, if thou hast done a kindness ;
Our Father will remember it ;
But if a friend thou wound'st in blindness,
Remember ! that He may forget.

M. C. S.

ARNAULT'S "WITHERED LEAF."

WHITHER, from thy parent bough,
 Withered leaflet, lonely flying,
 Dost thou float? Oh, ask not thou ;
 Storm that leaves the oak a'dying,
 Sore bereft me unto death.
 West and south with wavering breath,
 Since that day, bore me away
 From forest to the dale, and then
 From mountain to the plain again.
 At the will of every wind,
 Never more to fear or rave,
 With ~~falling~~ leaves my path I find,
 With rose and laurel share my grave.

Stranger

MATILDA ATHELING OF SCOTLAND.

PROSPERA non lætam fecere, neq̃ aspera tristem ;
Aspera risus erant, prospera terror erant ;
Non decor efficit fragilem, non sceptrā superbam, —
Sola potens humilis, sola pudica decens.

At woe not drooping, nor with fortune glad ;
At woe she smiled, was oft with fortune sad ;
Nor beauty found her weak, nor proud a throne, —
Her might was modest gentleness alone.

MOSES.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

WHO 's he who, carved thus grand in stone,
High deed of highest art, signal and ^{silent} lone,
A giant sits. Nay, words I hear, the strife
So prompt upon the lips of breath and life.
"Lo, this is Moses !" spake the awful front ;
The twofold glory on the mighty brow
When half the Godhead shone from him as now.
So stood he when the wide-resounding wave
Hung still and shrinking at his awful word ;
So, when the closing sea became a grave !
O guilty nation in the far abyss,
You worshipped idols with a vision dim !
Ah, had you made an image like to this,
How far less guilty to have worshipped him !

TRANSLATED.

"I WILL TWINE."

I WILL twine the white violet,
Twine also the tender myrtles ;
I will twine the glad narcissus,
Twine also the laughing lilies ;
The crocus sweet I will twine,
Twining over these the hyacinth ;
Empurpled tints I will twine,
Twine roses that lovers love.
Lo, on the temples of Heliodora,
Above her perfumed tresses,
A wreath may mingle its flowers
With the lovely waving of her hair.

" I S E N D . "

I SEND to Rhodoclè the wreath I twined,
Narcissus fresh, anemone dew-lined ;
Don with my crown humility of mind,
Ye both may fade, now glowing in the wind.



" V I C T O R Y . "

VICTORY may bring regret ;
Conquered, I may conquer yet.

SUGGESTED.

My heart discourseth of many things,
Why should I speak them out in the dark?
If it be good seed, give it wings;
If it be an olive-branch, bring it to the Ark.

"OH, TELL HIM!"

FOR MR. RICHARD GREENOUGH, ON SEEING HIS LOVELY STATUE,
EXPRESSING THE CHARM OF THIS FRENCH SONG.

Oh, tell him that a chain, by all unseen,
 Binds to his happy hours my hours of grief;
Oh, tell him of the tenderness and pain,
 The sighs mysterious, with no relief;
Oh, tell the unshed tears and drear unrest
 Of her, poor slave so long of silent woe;
Oh, tell to him her thoughts, her words repress;
 Tell him, sweet breeze, in dying whispers low,
 Tell thou to him,
 Oh, tell to him.

Oh, tell him that, beneath his coldness even,
 My soul revives and ceases to deplore;
Tell the sweet harmony of earth and heaven
 In hearts rebellious that contend no more!
Ah, pity for this love, all heaven-lighted;
 For his sweet pity only would I call!
Love — deathless woe and purity united —
 That from his glance hath passed into my soul,
 Tell thou to him,
 Oh, tell to him!

"I WILL NOT SING."

I WILL not sing a song of thee,
 My golden-hearted boy,
By other lips profaned to be,
By other lips profaned to be.
I will not name thy hero-name
 For friends less true to hear,
Nor herald with the trump of fame
 To greet the stranger's ear, —
 An echo for the stranger's ear,

Hopes wedded to a whispered tone,
 For liberty too dear ;
A music breathed for me alone,
A music breathed for me alone.
I will not call thee to my heart
 By love's all-hallowed power ;
In solemn joy we never part.
 I 'll bide the stormy hour !
 I 'll bide alone the saddened hour.

NOTE. — These are chiefly casual pencillings suggested by the beautiful translations of Sir John Bowring, a personal friend.

DUKE LEDA'S BRIDE.

He was yesterday wedded, Duke Leda ;
Comes to-day the word, "On to the war !"
His black charger drops foam to his fetlock ;
By his side, clings the bride from afar.

"Ah, goest thou to battle, High Leda,
And leavest me lone, — where to go ?"
"With thy mother, my young bride, thy mother."
"What are two mothers, — what shall I do ?"

Duke Leda shook free his bright armor ;
To his steed she clings, weeping for woe.
"Where to go ?" "Love, thy father is waiting !"
"What are two fathers, — what shall I do ?"

Hung the long silver bells of his courser
On her hands ; lay one kiss on her brow :
"Who will care for me now ?" "Lo, thy brothers !"
"What are ten brothers, — what shall I do ?"

"ATWEEN THE ELMS."

ATWEEN the elms the waters went,
A simple maiden o'er them bent ;
Her slender fingers framed her face :
" I think," she said, with nodding grace,
" Around my head a ribbon blue,
And in my hair a rose or two,
Why, somebody might say to me —
Hark ! no, it is not somebody, —
A ribbon blue, a rose or two,
Then somebody might say to me,
Might say, at twilight, near my seat,
Ah, fair, — not fair, but something sweet, —
Might whisper softly in my ear,
Ah love ! — not love, but something dear, —
Ah, something dear, ah, something sweet.
He comes, — ah, whose the rapid feet ? —
He 's coming ! Softly in my ear
He says to me, ah, something dear !
Ah, something sweet, ah, something dear,
He whispers softly in my ear ! "

FROM AULUS GELLIUS.

THIS stone entreats the gazer's passing eye
To gaze, nor smile, though here a spaniel lie ;
His mistress mourned, returning to her door,
To find the love she prized was hers no more.

"I FAIN WOULD BE."

I FAIN would be a little stream
And flow to him ;
I'd laugh with every dancing tide,
And dance for him ;
Beneath his slumbers murmuring glide,
And glide near him ;

A bird, her melody to share,
At dawn, with him ;
With quivering wings the morning air
To fan for him ;
And ah, to leave a blessing there,
For him, for him !

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H A R V A R D .

HARVARD.



READ BY A PARTING CLASS OF HARVARD,

JUNE 17, 1852.

YE leave the haunts where first the Attic bee
Hung on your lips the luxury of her hive ;
Ye leave the groves where high philosophy
Sang in her courts how great are those who strive.

Here Art hath taught her skill, and Poesy
Hath warbled peace, or piped her war-notes wild ;
Here the Ideal wooed the raptured eye,
And here, a gentle guest, fair Science smiled.

Ye cannot know the depths of earnest prayer
Which follows those who leave our ancient halls,
As loud your last song thrills the silent air,
And round yon hallowed tree in music falls !

Ye bear our honors in your ripening age,
Oh, ye shall give them freely back the while
We watch your course, as thicken on our page
Names which a listening world may hear, and smile !

Go ! ye have heard the cannon on our shore
 Speak the deep summons to high deeds again.
Another Charleston, like our own of yore,
 Calls to her sons, "Remember ye are men !"

She calls to nobler deeds ; for strife shall cease,
 And songs of peace resound from zone to zone ;
But oh, the Greek girl cannot sing of peace
 Where bursts the wave on sleeping Marathon !

In Yorktown, as in Concord, ye have left
 Home, and high memories, and storied strand ;
Swear on this spot ye will not be bereft
 Of such inheritance in either land !

The staff of Franklin, and the sword of him
 Whose name, oh, what unhallowed lip forswears —
They rest where sculptured domes with banners dim
 Stoop o'er the wisdom that a nation hears.

If there be such among ye, when meet there
 Your Northern staff and Southern sword remote,
Oh, let them rather cross a common bier,
 Than one star less upon that banner float !

Falters the lyre whose notes so daring flow,
 Her theme far best by sacred silence told ;
Fades the warm flush too prompt unbid to glow,
 And closed the wing which ventured flight so bold.

H A R V A R D.

LET us gather, O friends, from the vista of years,
Round the Mother who waits on the shore,
But forgets not to lavish the meed which endears
For the child who returns — nevermore !
O Mother beloved ! we 'll remember thy sons ;
And the Prodigal's homeward-bound track
With welcome will meet, and we 'll bring to our hearth,
And we 'll guide his steps tenderly back.

Thou art silent, beloved, in this last tender hour,
With thine oracles hushed in the grove ;
And dark in its sheath is the sword of thy power,
Yet how strong is the bond of thy love !
For the son who can now hang no flower on thy wreath,
For the child thou hast rocked to his rest,
Oh, grant to their memory a name on thy page ;
They have nestled to sleep on thy breast !

Farewell ! We have woven, oh, fondly ! our wreath,
Yet an hour it shall rest on thy brow ;
One by one the fresh buds, or the roses half-blown,
Will leave it less glowing than now.
Thou wilt gather the petals, and sadly beguile
Some moments, when faint their perfume ;
“ My sons,” thou wilt say, “ leave a legacy still
I may cherish, if withered their bloom.”

MAY 12, 1868.

OUR OWN FLAG.

AIR — "Lightly may the boat row."

LIGHTLY spread the broad flag,
The red flag, the blue flag ;
Lightly spread the broad flag
That 's bounding for the fray !
Strike ! beneath our fathers' flag,
The true flag, their own flag ;
Strike, beneath our fathers' flag,
Worth living for this day.

God bless it ! 't is our own flag,
The tried flag, the true flag ;
Now on ! beneath the old flag
That led to victory !
Double quick beneath the flag,
The wild flag, the mad flag ;
Double quick beneath the flag,
Upon the battery !

Navy-blue for our flag,
The angry flag, our own flag ;
Heave ahead the angry flag
That battles on the sea.

Up and on the foreign flag
 With our flag, with our flag, —
Up and on the foreign flag
 That 's stained with perjury !

Upon them with our own flag,
 The holy flag, the rainbow flag ;
Upon them with our own flag,
 And who will follow me ?
Double quick beneath the flag,
 The wild flag, the mad flag ;
Double quick beneath the flag,
 And who will follow me ?

THE NINETY VOLUNTEERS OF NEW YORK.

CAME deep the tread of armèd men,
Deep, slow, and steadily ;
“ Now for thy worth, through flood and fen,
We 'll follow thee ! ”

As springs to turf the bounding stag,
Free to the winds as free,
So flouts the foe that angry flag
Which floats o'er *me*.

That child must sob in broken sleep,
Who prays this night for thee ;
Sires fear for those — brides well may weep —
Who follow me.

I spare not ship, nor man, nor steed,
No ! nor on land nor sea ;
He battles at his sorest need
Who fights with me.

The ninety sent a joyful cry
To meet that fearful glee :
“ He rides to life or death,” say I,
“ Who rides with me.”

GRIEF'S CASKET.

(1863.)

MADE all over of smiles, — No tears ;
Made all over of shining years ;
Smiles ; and bountiful hours of meeting ;
Courtesies manifold, gracious greeting ;
 And within, oh, within,
 There it lay ;
 Still as day ;
Great, bright, beautiful, orbèd day !
 They shall not look at it —
 They shall not point at it —
 “ Mine,” she said ;
 What was it — Dead ?
 “ Mine,” she said.

Made of the lustre of folded hair,
Dark as chestnut ; a ripple where
 It parts on the brow,
 With golden flow —
 Made of the brow
 Like frozen snow ;
Two still eyes, glancing bright and clear —
When there was nothing to do to cheer ;
To cheer a world which might wait on her, —
Stately shoulders with mantling fur ;

Grace, which stoops to a queen, if a queen deserve ;
Words, in the battle the chieftain to nerve ;

Beneath, still it lay,
Still as day !
Say, was it dead ?
Whisper now — Dead ?
“ Mine,” she said.

Still and bright ! with her treasure below,
Full on her breast, like a rose at blow ;
Deep in her arms, like a babe at rest ;

Nursed at her breast,
Like warm round marbles of the nest,
So, still she broods ;
Heart-deep she shrouds.
Tide-love unseen
Throbs morn and e'en. .
What thus they clutch
Dare none to touch !
A vacant hearth,
And a little earth,
And then a morrow
Broader than sorrow !
Far above silence, far beneath sighs,
Deep — deep it lies.
No, oh no, — “ Dead ”
Never she said ;
“ Mine,” she said.

C O L U M B I A.

A NATIONAL SONG, SUNG AT THE TREMONT TEMPLE ON
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

AIR — "Marseillaise."

SEE ! Columbia's flag is swelling,
Count no cost in righteous war ;
Onward now the false foe quelling ;
Down with every threatening star !
Fill that flag the skies resounding !
On ! for Union under God !
Pour ~~it~~ its rainbow-light abroad ; —
Do and dare where'er 't is bounding ! *renew*
Hurrah ! hit hard ! hurrah !
The sparkling flag unrolled ;
Charge on ! right on ! charge, blow on blow ;
Strike home for every fold !

Now, on fortress high uplifting,
By its lightnings flashing out.
See ! the foreign force near drifting !
Peal its thunders, shout on shout !
Guilty sons her life-blood draining, —
Shall he live, her perjured foe ?
Shall he deal the deadly blow ?
No ! their borrowed guns disdaining,

March on ! hit hard ! hurrah !
 The sparkling flag, unrolled ;
 Charge, and right on ! charge, blow on blow ;
 Strike home for every fold !

Billowy seas her walls are lashing ;
 Who will shrink in cause so proud ?
 The daring foemen forward dashing,
 Up ~~the~~ ^{the} blue and crimson cloud !
 Forth our country's banner throwing,
 Swear to her wealth, life, and all ;
 Who will see that banner fall
 While the pirate flag is flowing ?
 March on ! hit hard ! hurrah !
 The sparkling flag unrolled ;
 Charge on ! right on ! charge, blow on blow ;
 Strike home for every fold !

On ! to her all hearts devoting,
 Leave your homes by Bunker's steep ;
 Where her navy's flag is floating,
 Brave the tempest, ride the deep !
 Where 's the coward backward springing ?
 Shall before the lurid storm
 Columbia bow her awful form ?
 On ! on ! the starry fold out-flinging.
 March on ! hit hard ! hurrah !
 The sparkling flag unrolled ;
 Charge on ! right on ! charge, blow on blow ;
 Strike home for every fold !

"NOW FOR COLUMBIA."

Now for Columbia,
To Thee her wants this day,
 Father, we bring.
Grant her a purer ray,
Grant a more perfect way,
Songs may we ~~hear~~ *hear* away,
 Of Thee to sing !

Lift now her banner fair,
Borne on the wings of prayer,
 Her might Thine own.
Thou gav'st to victory
Her sons of liberty,
For her on land and sea,
 We seek Thy throne.

Bend Thou all foreign force,
Give Thou her might free course,
 Far, Lord, and wide ;
Gulf, river, fort, and hall,
Foot, horse, and topmast tall,
In His name, bless them all,
 For us ~~who~~ *who* died!

SUMTER.

THE FIRST VOLUNTEER, 1861.

I 'LL tell you, mother, what 's the row :
The Major, he can get no men ;
I 'll tell you too what you can do :
I love him, * — send me ! I 'm thirteen.
You know they will not think I 'll stay,
With these long curls ; they 'll think it 's fun, —
I, such a boy, — in this array !
But, mother, I can fire a gun.

They 'll call ; but I — I 'll not retire ;
Won't they be mad as hornets now ?
There must be somebody to fire,
And Anderson will show me how.
I 'll shout to them to dodge the balls ;
Now, mother, you don't think I 'll run, —
So, if they fight, I 'll mount the walls ;
Or, mother, I can fire a gun !

* W. E. S. — Major Anderson and his brother, introduced by Henry Clay, were as adopted children in the family of Nathaniel Silsbee of Salem, during their education respectively at West Point and at Harvard.

"WHEN STRUCK UPON HER SHIELD."

WHEN struck upon her shield the Southern dart,
Columbia called her children to her heart ;
Then Harvard, solemn mid her old renown,
Broad stript the treasures of her triple crown.
Tell every precious name now all her own ;
Go count her jewels as she laid them down ;
Count on her scroll the names of those that slept,
And tell the jewels that Columbia wept !

THE MATRON'S DRILL.

CHILL the lofty hall and bare ;
Silent sit the matrons there ;
Distant aisles, more chill and damp,
Hollow ring with distant tramp.
Throw it wide, the archèd door !
Heavy as wave on sounding shore
(Music none, and never a word)
Through the vaulted roof is heard,
Tramping, tramping, dull and loud,
Martial footsteps, bearing proud.
Armèd soldiers, silent all,
Silent tread the echoing hall.
Still, — severe with patriot pride,
Bosoms heave which have not sighed ;
Hands, with never a shuddering greeting,
Shrink not where the bayonets glance ;
Sons the mothers' eyes are meeting,
Each with never a lingering glance !
Patriot soldiers, bearded men,
Fit them, stern, for war's alarms ?
How is woman tearless, then,
Dead to all her softer charms ?
Patriot soldiers, bearded men ?
Heaven ! is this but fearful dreaming, —
Childhood's tender brow, in sooth ?

Can this thing be but fearful seeming?
Lips are those of beardless youth !
Softest cheek that glows, not blushes,
Nor in woman's presence flushes ;
Fresh the blood that thrilling rushes,
And the eye so dark that flashes,
Clear and firm, with lifted lashes,
Sternly claiming warrior's part,
Gleams from childhood's earnest heart !
Mothers bring, our God, to Thee,
Offering of immensity ;
On Thine altar calmly lay
Soft caressings, childhood's play ;
Fitting these for future strife,
Bartered — for a country's life !
Call the nations to their feet !
Bid them thus the Martyrs greet ;
Bid them bring the martyr's crown,
At their footstool lay it down !

Is not this a holy spot?
Count the cost — for they have not —
Large as is life's horoscope !
Childhood's prayer, and girlhood's hope ;
Wife's fruition, mother's kiss ;
All that woman dreams of bliss ;
Widow's mite, and sister's joy, —
For their land to live or die !
By our vast and holy cause,
Liberty, and righteous laws, —

Scatter broad the banner fair !
Fling the Stars and Stripes to air !
Tell the nations there it stands,
By the seeds of future bands.
Lift its folds where Sumter fell,
God and hope shall guard it well !
Storm may blast and shatter sail,
Armies fall, and man may fail, —
Still we beat the rallying drum,
Woman calls, and children come !

LET ME GO!

FATHER, dear ! I know you 're waiting
 Once again to hear my prayer :
 Let me go ! The boys are going ;
 Every household name is there.
 I 'm sixteen, sir ; let me go !

Harry 's going ! must I stay, sir?
 All the sires are saying Yes ;
 Must the neighbors tell, one day, sir,
 How they fought — and none of us —
 For the nation? Let me go !

Think ! I am your only son, sir ;
 Had you ten, sir, one might stay !
 Dragging work, sir, here at home, sir ;
 Money 's nothing ! Speak and say
 I may go, sir. Let me go !

Pay the farming with my wages.
 You will know us, marching on ;
 Then — no matter what my age is —
can You ~~may~~ say, sir, " There 's my son ! "
 Give your son, sir. Let me go !

H A R V A R D.

YOUNG spirit, spurn at evil from thy birth !
The serpents strangle as they issue forth !
Not trained in Genoa's walls, or fair Vevay,
Handle, and press thy country on her way !
Nursed by a mother's arms, maternal prayers,
No foster parent gave thee foreign cares.
Sunward, in full fruition, wings her way
The soul, fledged only in a western day.
The tree, rejoicing in the godlike strife,
Has burst the calyx of its embryo life.
So India's lily, petal deep, above
Bore on her veined breast creating Love ; *
So childhood's bosom glows, at prayerful even,
In every folded leaf with perfect heaven ;
So lingers life near ocean's troubled shore,
Solemn but lone, — no traveller and no fleet ;
But one momentous moment, then no more ;
Too small a shallop for so vast a freight,
A time too little for a timeless night !
What breath of time wafts spirit on its flight ?
Thought may reflect Euphrates' desert foam
Even from the fireside of a lavish home, —
The dew-drop, in its orb'd perfection here,
The laws, life, beauty of a starry sphere.

* Love born on a lotus leaf.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S MESSAGE.

(1861.)

DEAD, O my mother? Every heavy tress
Down fallen along the outline of thy form,
Grand in its fine and finished loveliness ;
And yet thy heart, that burning heart, not warm !

Dead, O my country? Call on Franklin now,
From out the pale of France's willing charms ;
Call Greene, Knox, Putnam : Burgoyne stabs, and Howe.
Great Chief, for life call all ! To arms, to arms !

Nay, nay, my mother ! gone the fevered dream ;
'Thou smil'st in glorious beauty all thine own ;
Needs but that smile upon thy sons to gleam,
Needs but their arms, thou knowest, around thee
thrown.

Needs but their arms ! alas, and where are they?
Where Webster's words to stem the wild uproar?
Immortal youth of Adams, where? and Clay?
Oh, for Clay's clarion voice to sound from shore to
shore !

Good-night, my country ! none shall watch thy face
While slow decay puts on her hideous guise ;
They shall not gather, birds of foreign race,
To sate them on the dying eagle's cries.

But they will lightly name thy noble name ;
And they will deck them with thy fallen plume.
Thy sons alone shall taint thy spotless fame,
Their voice beloved pronounce thy hidden doom.

CAMBRIDGE, 1861.

THE NORTH.

SHE holds her faith without a blot,
With wider empire, ampler crown.
The charmer charms, — she turneth not ;
The force of threats she looketh down.

One foot is on the ocean sands,
Yet treads she plains all rough with toil ;
The sacred labor of our hands
We give, — nor seeks she other spoil.

Around her head the mountain mist,
Than classic wreath of nobler worth ;
Grain-laden waves about her waist,
Toil at her breast, — behold the North !

Arise ! whom floods enchained obey,
While hills eterne thy servants be !
“ Thus far, no farther ! ” shalt thou say, —
The landmark set of liberty !

Lift not your voice with bribes and threats,
She starts from slumber at the call !
Come not with withes ! — your Gaza's gates,
She 'll bear them off, posts, bars, and all !

Oh, if thou sleep, the foreign snare ;
If thou shalt fall, the brazen chain,
The bitter jibe, the dread despair, —
Till dread more fearful rouse again !

Shalt thou arouse Philistine scorn ?
Rise in thy might, and issue forth ;
Thy sacred head all bowed and shorn !
Oh, who shall watch while sleeps the North ?

SHILOH — VICTORY.

NEARER, Sergeant ! In their faces
Pour the charges, home and home !
Dead ? How white in blinding flashes
Of the fire and iron storm !

Deep entangled, wading, toiling,
Half knee-deep, the Illinois
See at length the foe recoiling
From the Keystones' shout of joy.

Into chaos darkness faded,
Wagons jolt with bleeding load ;
To the fetlocks sink our jaded
Horses through the miry road.

Night with pelting rain, and tentless,
Hungry, cold, exhausted, sad ;
Dreams of mangled forms, relentless ;
Waking life restores the dead.

Still and chill, an erring foeman
Shares my couch of wilted wreath,
(Twin destruction) and a woman's
Image girlish, his — in death !

Quick emotion, dread revulsion ;
Classmate ! brother ! good and brave,
Take my gift ; my sad devotion
Gives thee all it can, — a grave.

MARCH, 1868.

CUMBERLAND AND CONGRESS.

'T WAS the calm of a lovely spring ;
Our ships lay wing and wing ;
No captain in command
As she lay behind the sand,
And no tug had the Cumberland.

But their fires were all alight,
And their cannon held the right,
When, the heavy tide at lull,
With no banner far apeak,
Black sides and gleaming beak,
Cleaving sharp the double skies,
Bore the Merrimack ahead !
With her flaming porthole eyes
And her thick and iron hull,
Down the monster came avast,
All eager she to meet
Our old and darling fleet,
Ere it fled.

We had little iron hail,
And we were not under sail,
But we nailed our flag the higher

On our naked, raking mast ;
And alive, ahead, abaft,
We gave the ugly craft
All our fire.

Straight down Buchanan dashing,
And deep our good ship gashing,
Broke in us his blazing beak,
And made a fearful leak
In her side.
Cold, cold the waters gushed
Where death and ruin rushed
With that tide.

Of that pallid crew none shrink ;
Why, she never hath been stronger,
And she 'll float a little longer ;
While, pitching slow to sink,
And fast and faster filled,
One by one her gunners killed,
As the wounded, face to face,
Each dead comrade did replace.
When was drowned the magazine
Outspake her last gun then ;
And deep within the sand
Lay our own dear Cumberland ;
While her flag above the wave
Sheds a glory on the grave
Of our men.

If it win, that fearful raid,
What shall save our great blockade?
Give our doomed fleet to its grave?
Then shall England tread the wave,
And hold the trembling slave
(Half loosened from his chain)

Once again !
Once gone his hope forlorn,
Long time ere it return
Once again !

But she flies, the Merrimack !
With Worden on her track ;
Above that troubled sea
The old Flag stood still to see !
Rapid ruin on her side
Cost those waves of ours one tide.
For she never shall come back !
And we wept our loving pride,
For our masts a'quiver stood,
When the hull was under flood,
And the old Flag danced to see !

THE CONSTITUTION AGAIN AT SEA.

Now up from thy lair, old Ocean !
A spirit walks the deep,
And hush no more thy living tides
To an infant's sobbing sleep.

Thy heaving, sinking billows
More slender keel may lave ;
Up from thy lair, old Ocean !
A tramp is on thy wave !

The myriad rays of the summer sleep
For the merchant's trackless way ;
Phosphoric flashes round his keel
From loving waves at play !

Hail, hail with thy rippling eddies
The light-winged, light-winged boats,
But toss thy shrieking surges where
The Constitution floats !

A shout from the rending caverns
Of the long-pent thunder,
Lightnings her torch where her steps
The black waves sunder.

She shall render stripe for stripe
With thy lashing fold ;
Her gleaming stars undimmed
Their course shall hold.

On her own element in storm
Her march is proud,
In her own caverned side
A thunder-cloud !

A tiar for her noble form,
Fit for an ocean queen,
An ancestry of noble deeds
Crowneth her mighty mien.

She is armed for embattled hosts,
Our love her panoply ;
Her flashing sword, our blood-bought rights, —
Her watchword, Liberty !

For the firm shore your raging might,
For the rock your spray ;
Thrice hath the War Queen crossed her path,
And shrunk away !

H Y M N

FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF
HARVARD COLLEGE.

OH, where 's thy sting, disarmèd Death?
Thy shout of victory, conquered tomb?
He gives me life that takes my breath, —
Sound, sweet-toned trump of doom !

If I 'm in Christ, why need I shake
Before my Saviour's judgment-bar?
Not all my sins shall bid me quake,
For He, my shield, is there.

If I 'm in Christ, spread wide the scroll
That tells the universe my shame ;
What read they on the written roll?
The merits of the Lamb !

Yet speak, my King ! Thy Word that tells
Aloud my sin, all sins above, —
My soul shall love it passing well,
It tells Thy matchless love !

AUTUMN.

THE many-voicèd season comes,
The oldest teacher of the year ;
Rich, nor in youth nor hope nor blooms,
The solemn season draweth near.

Clad, like a matron past her prime,
In golden band and jewelled robe,
She comes to lift the shroud of Time,
She comes our inmost souls to probe.

Above her head the sharpened sword,
Loud in her ear the warning cry
She hears, nor trembles at the board, —
“This crownèd queen shall die, shall die !”

Lo ! how, as for a royal fête,
Each day adorns the gorgeous scene ;
And decks anew her regal state,
And crowns with gems her mighty mien !

I love her pomp, I love her power,
I love to see her, day by day,
Put off the jewels of the hour,
And cast her diadem away !

Still swings the sword ; she hears the call,
And calm performs the appointed deed ;
And writeth words upon the wall
Each prophet of our God may read !

THE CHANDELIER: OR, A FACULTY
IN DOUBT.

A TRUE TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

THE Faculty sat, in Kirkland's time,
In a wing of the fine old President's Home ;
Evening is waning ; eight o' the chime
Peals from Old Harvard's despotic dome.
Now "students must study," the law insists, —
Not with notions of students that law consists.
The college is still ; but a step on the stair,
And the King of the Commons addresses the chair :
"Your Honor and Fellows !" — then handled his hat,
Much like a Congressional hat in debate, —
"The candles of tallow, so yellow and tall,
On sconces of tin hanging dull on the wall
Of our commons profuse " — and he paused not to say,
"Not as dull, not more varied, but greasy as they, —
Though the boys don't abuse them, well trained as they
are,
No dreaming of better afflicts them, I 'm clear,
Yet I've thought that these might to your wisdom
appear
Better changed for some lamps in a green chandelier."
A pause, the twentieth of an hour,
Of silence breathless, fraught with power,
At purpose high, so wildly brave,
O'ercame each breast of that conclave.

Then, first recovered, Kirkland spake :
“ Our Commons’ King, is he awake ?
Or speaks he, weary with the day,
Slumber that charmeth care away ?
In commons such a brilliant scene,
O’er plates, with knives and forks between !
Freshman prompt and Senior keen
Would mar such brilliant gift, I ween ! ”
The conclave breathed, the Fellows spake ;
They murmurs of applause awake,
And lift, the sudden panic o’er,
Shoulders that never shrugged before ;
Yet high o’er all, serenely still
The King of Commons works his will.
One word still uttered purpose high :
“ Præses and Fellows, *let me try !*
No loss shall cause a throb of sorrow, —
Just for one night. That night, *I ’ll borrow !* ”
Kirkland, whose bosom erst of need
Responsive beat to noble deed,
Valor thus tried opposed no more ;
Avoided voting counted o’er,
An assent nodded parenthetic,
Nor ventured speeches rhetoretic.
Now far and free ’neath shadowed skies
The Majesty of Commons hies,
Eight days untired for students wrought,
Eight nights in dreams of students thought ;
Those days of sighs, those dreams of joy,
Are passed ; and doubts no more annoy.

In those familiar halls he stands,
The lamps have left his eager hands ;
Trembling, yet shedding far and near
Its verdant glories, beams the chandelier !
With time nor fear no dallying now, —
No pause those gladdened feet must know.
Again, commanding full debate,
Kindly as great, famed Kirkland sat ;
Alas, for hopes and coming fears !
The topic now is *broken chairs* !
Now had that face, for students' good,
Worn frown of awe, if frown it could,
But, as the Commons' Lord the while
Thrills at the scene, returns the smile.

"Boys must be boys," 't was thus his humor told ;
"No doubt it 'broke itself.' Those chairs are old.
Fellows and Tutors, Harvard's Lords and Commons !
Our Master of the Revels calls, — attend the summons !"
Now bustled each Fellow, now jostled each Tutor,
Like his own verdant lustre danced the eyes of the
suitor.

Rose Farrar beloved, and Popkin straightforward,
Rose Ware and rose Gilman, — no names for a coward, —
Rose Brazer, rose Hedge, ever skilled to refute,
Rose Frisbie the gentle, and Norton acute.
Rose Kirkland the last, though the first to decide,
Rose Sparks, whose best place was by that honored side,
And long they remembered the fun of that day,
When the cry was from Kirkland, "Ho, up and away !"
Down the stairways so crooked, and out at the gate ;
Down the pathways, like all Yankee pathways, so straight ;

O'er the fairy-trod grass, 'neath the moon-shedding
elm, —

For the galley rides safely, with *him* at the helm.
They pass the chapel, consecrate to God,
They mark the well-worn steps by students trod ;
On to the portal of the pretty scheme,
Now manly wisdom smiles o'er boyhood's theme !
Behold the halls where students, tutors, sit ;
Where sconces students to reflect forget ;
The tables, ornate still with yellow salt,
So late with brackish butter's whiter fault,
Sugar embrowned, and bread ; while students roar
That everything but vinegar is sour, —
Remorseless students ! — and that nothing 's hot,
Save that same butter-plate, — for wine is not.
Here Fresh, Soph, Senior, range from hall to hall,
The circle see on each dividing wall !
Whence Soph to Senior, Fresh to Junior sends
(When wrangling chance or question severs friends)
Bread, butter, teapot, sizings, pewter plate,
Ere falls their wrath on Harvard's men of state !
What novel glories dawn upon her now ?
What charmed radiance pales that honored brow ?
What grouping now around the Commons' King ?
What names renowned adorn yon princely ring ?
Lo, where the bright green rays in verdure shine,
Beams on the tables Kirkland's face benign !
"Think you," — to Sparks he speaks, who views the scene
Much as full manhood, on a schoolboys' green,
Gazes where parents join their children's dance,
A smile for those, for these a saddened glance, —

"Think you," said Kirkland, "boys will let alone
That brittle chandelier, nor hurl it down?"
Pausing, the Præses, all a boy himself,
Seized the large knife before him on the shelf,
"Even now I feel" — and drew to make a pass —
"The greatest wish to whirl it at the glass,
To see the fragments glitter on the ground,
Dash down the branches, hear how it will sound!"

O friend alike of Sophomoric joy
As friend of man! as keenly still a boy!
Kind even to mischief, if no malice urge;
Indulgent still, perhaps to error's verge, —
That smile on others' errors kindly thrown,
The world and love grant freely to thine own!
The errors of thy love, the genial word,
Fault oft o'erlooked, that love each grief that heard,
On thee kind Heaven the parent's heart conferred;
Granted and recompensed the gift divine,
Childless thyself, all Harvard's sons were thine!

On noble heads full long that lustre flung
Peculiar radiance, and uninjured hung.
Than thou, of all who honored Nature's plan,
Majestic Kirkland, none so much the man!
Long fell that light on many a youthful brow,
None, shade of Kirkland, more a child than thou!

THE RECORD OF THE YEAR.

PEAL forth your thanks ! your hoarded wealth
Ye guard for many a needy one ;
Death taken hath from life and health
Only one hundred seventy-one.
Gone while Time's last surge was rolling,
Only one hundred seventy-one,
Passed while deep heart's knells were tolling,
One by one, one by one.

To raging pest or lingering pain,
Only one hundred seventy-one ;
Not more faintly sound again
Your holy triumphs, happy one ;
That, as the pealing " Io " parts,
" Only one hundred seventy-one,"
Echoes within some bleeding hearts,
Woe for that one, that one !

That now beneath some silent roof,
Only one hundred seventy-one ;
Love ~~Love~~, half divine, weaves sable woof,
For that roof's one, that dear loved one.
And Winter's friend, and Summer's bride,
Each but one, each but one,
In age, want, youth, and bliss have died,
Only one hundred seventy-one.

And many a soul with sorrow rife,
More than one hundred seventy-one,
Would change with them the thrill of life,
And be that one, and be that one.
How many names Love moaneth wild
Amid one hundred seventy-one ;
Brother, sister, wife, or child,
Each sad chime tells more than one !

Gone the mothers of our childhood,
Each but one, each but one ;
Gone the father-friends of manhood,
Amid that hundred seventy-one.
In vacant homes it echoes round,
" Only one hundred seventy-one ; "
And oh, and oh, how sad a sound
To me that one, to me that one !

1835.

AUTUMN.

Mid ruined glories strewn around,
While girds the year his armor on,
Lo, regal Autumn waiteth crowned
To cast her golden sceptre down.
I love to see the noble tree
Disrobing for the strife ;
So human spirits, calm and free,
Should meet the storms of life.

I love to see the golden tops
In heaven's pure bosom lie ;
I love to see old age's hopes
Reposing on the sky.

I love to see the glorious moon,
The autumn night's most gorgeous ~~moon~~, ^{noon}
The opal crown of eve,
As on a sister's brow forlorn,
The pallid brow of Autumn's morn,
Her parting blessing leave.

When measures back his course the sun,
And flowers are changing, one by one,
Is not great Nature's saddened smile,
Where Night's soft liquid eyes look down,

Like fading woman's simple guile, —
 'To smile on life, till life is gone,
To heave but one, the latest sigh,
 While patient love is watching nigh?

I love to see the broken leaf
 Stoop for the first, last kiss of grief,
The farewell kiss to verdant earth,
 Whose yearning bosom gave it birth, —
Who, like a mourning mother, spreads
 Her richest vesture for the dead.

'T is grand, when forests bare and old
 Disrobèd stand for strife ;
So human spirits, calm and bold,
 Go, meet the storms of life.

I love, when Autumn waiteth crowned
 While girds the year his armor on,
Mid ruined glories strewn around,
 To cast her golden sceptre down.

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TILDEN FOUNDATION



STATUE OF WASHINGTON, by Crawford.

ALPINE



STATE OF ALABAMA, by C. C. J.

ADDENDA.

THESE verses are chiefly preserved in obedience to a reiterated promise of the past; a few belong to an unfinished "Tale;" yet others are left as lonely memorials of those whom there were many to love, or of some

"Violets by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye."

WITH the long delight of friends we have enjoyed the translations of Sir John Bowring; and we have felt his undoubted pardon while at times changing their melody into new forms of versification or of song.

Suggestions from Bowring's translations are marked with a star (*) in the list of contents.

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PAVILION AT HYDE PARK, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

ADDENDA.



THE PAVILION :

AT HYDE PARK, N. Y.

BY F. A. S., AS COPIED BY J. S.

[This charming sketch and poem is introduced with a most tender regard for a memory already known and cherished among those who have loved and who have lent an added light to the varied scenes on the Hudson. The playful grace of the lines half recalls such gentle versification in Drake himself.]

I.

A FAIRY cliff — whose rugged face
Is wet with changing tides that chase
Their restless waves along the base —
 Frowns o'er the deep beneath,
Crowned with a temple's structure slight,
Its swelling dome and columns white
Peering half hid through foliage bright,
 Cedar and birchen wreath,

2.

Amidst whose tangled shades are seen
Secluded paths and alleys green,
Arches of verdure cut between
 The trees o'erspread with vine ;
And sheltered safe within the groves
Are quiet and sequestered coves,
Whose banks the purple harebell loves,
 And nodding eglantine.

3.

Far west the lofty Caatskills lie,
Their line of peaks uprearing high
In bold relief against the sky,
 Their summits darkly blue ;
While flushed with sunset's parting glow,
The mighty Hudson rolls below,
Its waters gold and crimson flow,
 Purpling to twilight's hue.

4.

A peaceful scene, the day is past ;
The heights a broader shadow cast,
And evening's dewes are gathering fast
 On valley, plain, and hill ;
The vessels idly ride at rest
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And scarce a billow's heaving crest
 Disturbs its surface still.

5.

Softly along the wooded glades
The lingering line of twilight fades,
And twinkling in the dusky shades,
 Unnumbered fireflies play.
Now comes, ye nymphs, the witching hour,
When looks and smiles a magic power
Catch, like the elfin herb and flower,
 From moonbeam's pallid ray.

6.

Then loiter not these haunts among,
When night sends forth her glittering throng ;
And evening winds their murmured song
 Sigh through the leafy trees,
Or twixt your glossy tresses steal,
Fanning the blushes that reveal
All that you dare not speak — yet feel —
 In stilly hours like these.

7.

Yet who can say what thoughts may rise, —
What saucy lips and saucier eyes,
In tell-tale glance and tell-tale sighs,
 May whisper in these bowers ?
When idle fancy freely roves,
Peopling the night with fays and loves, —
Ah, then, there 's treachery in these groves,
 In listening leaves and flowers.

8.

And yonder moon so calmly bright,
Which from each ripple's curling height
Reflects her pure and silver light,
 Scarce paler than the day, —
Cold though her quiet rays may seem,
Sleeping on hill and cliff and stream, —
As poets tell, sheds just the beam
 To lead your steps astray.

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON :

WHO DREADED HER OWN MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

O HAPPIER in thine early doom,
And happier in affection's tears,
More blest in this, thy feverish bloom,
Than in the prosperous course of years.

To see that light all fade away
Which tinged with joy thy youthful hours ;
To touch, and find them fallacy,
Those cloud-hues Fancy wreathed with flowers.

The quickened pulse, the heated brain,
The dark intensity of light,
Whose every throb of joy is pain,
Whose very brightness cheats the sight.

Nay, nay, the very dread of madness,
 When forms and things in fire-dreams melt ;
 The throbbing, throbbing heart of sadness,
 'T is joy but to have felt.

For Fancy flung her vagueness there,
 And Memory swept her broken lyre,
 Imagination peopled air,
 And Genius touched the dream with fire.

1828.

THE MANIAC MOTHER.

I HEARD a voice, I knew a step ;
 It bent the grass of a foreign land.
I felt the pressure of a lip,
 'T was his, his kiss upon my hand ;
You look upon my eye and weep,
 It is not wild, it is not wild ;
Yet I have watched when wrapped in sleep
 The features of an infant child.
Go, go and watch the unguarded look ;
 The only face that wears a smile
When sleeping, and it cannot lie,
 Is childhood's spotless purity, —
The pure, because unwritten book
 Unsullied, fair, which tells no guile.
Ha ! you who seek the cell of madness,
 Ye see where shadowy spectres dwell,
And every form, save those of gladness,
 Dance up at memory's broken spell ;
Who come to smile by turns, and stare,
 As shrinking form speaks horrid thought ;
And eyeballs that would shrink must glare
 At forms by frenzied fancy wrought ;

Who list, but not to soothe the moans
Which rise where grief has laid man low,
Who shrinks from, but not pity, groans,
Which pierce this ear so hardened now.

She paused ; then slowly, in an altered tone,
As fevered memory pictured sorrows all her own :
“ Once, once I heard another sound,
The bells were ringing merrily,
And songs and mirth were floating round,
My heart it beat so heavily ;
And said I pleasure’s band was there,
Spake I of joy and mirth?
Can there be aught so witching fair
Among the shades of earth?
That step was trained to the bridal dance,
That lip was bent on another’s hand,
That eye reflected another’s glance,
And it beamed with the light of his own sunny
land !

“ My boy ! so silent in my arms,
Mid flowers, all innocent as they ;
Why startles heaven with wild alarms
My heart, so loving to obey ? ”

Too closely guarded by his maniac mother,
The little life did melt into another ;

And she looked on him, when her child was dead,
On what was left when all but beauty fled,
And, with mistaken tenderness, did strive
To raise him up, as he were still alive —
For still the smile was there. God ! Death can smile,
And living sorrow madly shriek the while !

Her bridal veil around she twined :
“ Pure to the pure, my darling boy !
Soft with the web for thee I bind
Past memory — and all of joy.”

1818.

"TAKE BACK THE FLOWER."

[First published in a tale of Hawthorne's, at his kind request,
and printed, as a song of his ("Faith") in a Salem paper.]

TAKE back the flower, 't will only fling
A perfume round my way,
Like music from a worn-out string,
Sooner to shrink away.

Take back the bud, 't is like my dream,
Nurst in a sunny hour ;
And, while its hopes the fairest seem,
Broke — it will never flower !

THE EVENING MIST.

BEAUTIFUL veil upon the brow of eve,
Screening her smile,
Of shadowy vapor blent,
Which gently doth descend and leave
A curtained light,
Like that so softly bright,
Gleaming through Memory's vista'd aisle,
And resting there,
More lovely far
Than sunset's gorgeous tent ;

Light, yet impervious cloud,
Which gradual doth enshroud
In kindly dimness, like the eye of age,
Softening yet shadowing that which is no
more ;
Joys fleeting fast,
Or now already past,
And melting into tears past grief or rage,
Hang soothing on my sight
When sets Life's summer night
On joys and hopes which in their strength
are o'er.

